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# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by *Joe Mitchell Chapple*

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## READY FOR CONQUEST

There's a wealth of health and beauty  
that is irresistible  
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# PEARS' SOAP

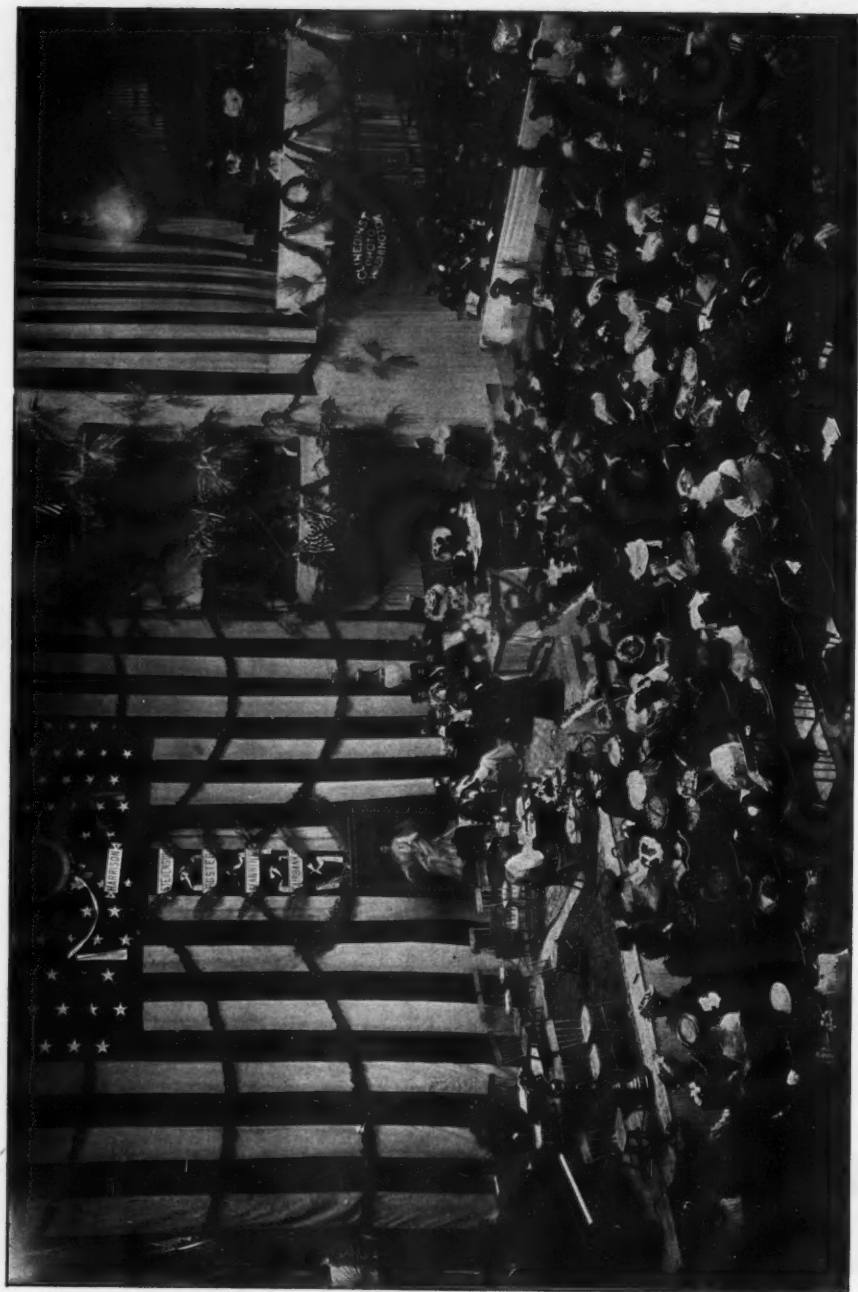
Of all Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the best.

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"Then think I of deep shadows on the grass; of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,  
Where, as the breezes pass, the gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways."—*From Lowell's "To the Dandelion."*

Half-tone Engraved by Charles Bicker from a Photograph by G. H. Meek



DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN SESSION IN CONTINENTAL HALL AT WASHINGTON, MRS. FAIRBANKS PRESIDING  
Photograph by Clinedin



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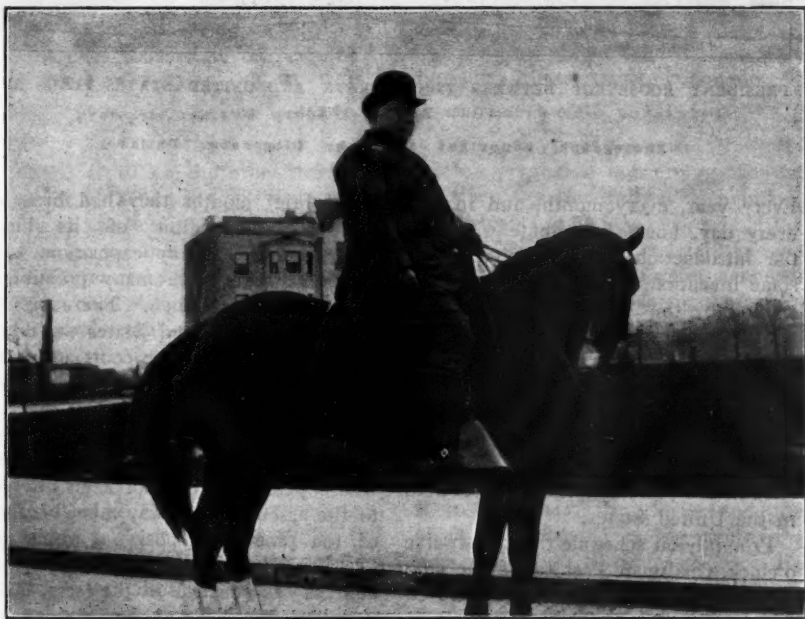
## *Affairs at Washington*

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

**U**NDER the shadow of the stately Washington monument was held one of the most notable gatherings of the year at the national capital. Nearly six hundred delegates from every country where a railroad is operated were present at the meeting of the International Railway Congress. For the first time in the history of the nation, government ground was utilized for exposi-

tion purposes under special act of congress last March. There were 350 exhibitors of all sorts of railway appliances.

The handsome buildings and booths recalled vividly the Exposition days at St. Louis. There was a whirr and buzz of activity and the air of fete day prevailed. The evolution of railway appliances is almost revolutionary.



JUDGE TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR, WHO WAS ACTING PRESIDENT DURING MR. ROOSEVELT'S ABSENCE FROM THE CAPITAL

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BETWEEN CONFEDERATE AND UNITED STATES FLAGS AT FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Olegenson, Dallas

Every year, every month, and in fact every day, hour and minute witnesses the introduction and exploitation of some invention. In a handsome booth erected by the National Biscuit Company—beside which was a stunning locomotive made up of the different packages containing the products of this company—the initial meeting of the congress convened. This was the seventh meeting of the congress, which assembles once in five years, and the first ever held in the United States.

Promptly on schedule time, at twelve o'clock, Chairman Post called the convention to order and made a felicitous opening address. The success of the display on the Mall was largely due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Post, Mr. Moore and their associates. In

a few brief months they had brought together an exhibit of its kind never excelled at any exposition. In the front seats were many prominent European railway men. There was a sprinkling of United States senators, justices of the supreme court and congressmen. The welcome by Commissioner McFarland had the ring of American hospitality. Secretary of the Navy Morton was one of the speakers whose personality was of keen interest to the assembled railway men, because of the prominent position which he has won in the railway world. His address was couched in the terse, business-like vernacular of the service, and it was easy to see he was the lion of the hour, as far as the railway men were concerned. The exposition was



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, DR. LAMBERT OF NEW YORK AND THEIR GUIDES ON THEIR WAY INTO THE HUNTING GROUNDS NEAR NEWCASTLE, COLORADO

From stereograph, copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

to him, as to all the other delegates, more than a mere display; it was a study of practical economic purposes.

Perhaps the most prominent figure in the congress was the man whose name is associated with railway development all over the world—Mr. George Westinghouse—the inventor of the Westinghouse air brake and the head of one of the largest establishments of its kind in the world. He was the presiding officer and filled the position with all the grace and tact with which he has won the railroad world to him in his business relations. His kind blue eyes, genial side whiskers and gracious, modest manner have a charm all their own.

Mr. Stuveysant Fish, president of the American section of the International Railway Congress, made a most

stirring prediction concerning the use of electricity for railway locomotion.

The response by Mr. Lawrence of the London & Northwestern railway was a characteristic and graceful acknowledgment on behalf of the foreigners of the hospitalities of the occasion, delivered in that quiet, easy, formal way which our British cousins adopt at the banquet board.

Secretary Taft was at his best, having left "the lid" at the war department. The wild winds of the Potomac blew through his straggling locks, and the sense of humor of the big man at the war department was infectious. He alluded to several appliances of railroads which were not exhibited. They were federal court injunctions, railroad rates and other matters of passing



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, SPEAKING TO AN IMMENSE CROWD IN FRONT OF THE HISTORIC ALAMO

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Glinedinat

importance at the senate investigation then in progress.

I had an interesting chat and walk through the grounds with the delegate from Greece. Everything seemed to interest him, from the automatic electric switches to the latest shape of a section man's shovel. There were switch lights, lanterns, miniature round-houses, air brakes, steel rails nickle alloyed and 100 pounds to the yard; oils, in fact everything utilized in the operation of a railroad was here represented. To the average person it was all of interest as an exhibit, but to the guests it was a lesson. My companion from Greece, Mr. P. Homere, a bright, intelligent railroad man, perhaps a descendant of Plato, who knows?—walked with me with eyes open. How different the con-

versation from that of early Athens—not exactly Platonic, for he was watching keenly every device that might be utilized on his railroad. Classic Athens had come to the new West to learn the art of the century—transportation.

What a story could be written of the years of labor and thought concentrated in the exhibits on this small plot of ground. It seemed like a continuous story, for inventions proceed step by step in a consecutive manner. There were chromatic block signal lights, electric frogs and switches before which these delegates stood watching every motion of lever or cog and absorbing a new idea, a new page in their life work.

The guests came in whirring automobiles, and even the automobile fever was apparent in the array of

automobiles running on a railroad track like a merry-go-round.

There was a large attendance of ladies at the congress, indicating that today, as ever, the woman is the helpmeet of man. It was charming to see a daintily gloved woman, the wife of a prominent railroad man, point out understandingly technical points which my puzzled brain could not fathom.

The brilliance of the electrical display at night brought again to mind the Exposition days. It was not enough to display products, but processes were also shown here, and the ground upon which the Washington monument stands trembled with the activities of the age.

Contrast this scene with that of the day when George Washington decided where the nation's capitol should be located. Here were music and cake-walks, and at the main pavilion a troop of colored people gave many of the visitors a first glimpse of plantation life. About the booths were lights of all shades, from the ghastly purple of radium to the brilliant whiteness of electricity. Upon a huge map 100 feet square, prepared under the direction of the secretary of the navy, many of the cable stations of the world were indicated by electric bulbs, and the world indeed seemed small. In gay social array under the evening sky the throng awaited for the signal which was to tell the guests of a message sent around the earth. In a few moments, while the guests looked upon the electric bulbs, an answer was received; each man watching the one indicated as "home." The wildest dreams of a Jules Verne could not have forshadowed all this. At 11:55 p.m. Secretary Morton touched the magic button and before midnight the answer was returned like a fairy beacon signal. It seemed to me almost supernatural. In almost a twinkling of an eye, in the draught of a breath, as we sat under the starry canopy waiting, Mr. Roux of France

felt that he had a message from home—through far-off Nome, threading its way under the great Pacific, then on around the Indian Ocean and up the Atlantic, banding the whole world together by the great unseen force of all time. King Electricity was crowned supreme, holding the regal scepter of light! Jewels of his own making sparkled, as delicate and dainty as the rosebud. One great sigh of wonderment came over the throng as they witnessed this pyrotechnic display flashing forth a revelation of world progress that means so much to mankind.

The delegates were formally welcomed by Vice President Fairbanks on the following day, on behalf of President Roosevelt, in a thoughtful and moderate address not lacking a pointed reference to pending questions at issue between the operators of American railways and the public they serve.

It was interesting to mingle with the social groups of railway men in the hotel lobbies and hear them tell over and over their experiences. The delegate from little Switzerland was having a well-defined argument with the representative from Germany on the subject of brake beams. To escape any suggestion of American proneness to boast, I quote the words of a prominent Australian railroad man in reference to our own railway battalions and commanders:

"It is not difficult to realize why America has made such progress in railroad affairs when your men conquer such obstacles as have been overcome in this country and then reduce the cost of transportation to nearly one-half of that in any other country. It is as much a question of men as it is of opportunity, for opportunity often comes when the men cannot be found. It proves that government ownership or operation is going to eliminate the strong, go-ahead, initiative force you have in America. We have not found it altogether a success."



THERE will be a touch of pathos in looking over the floor when the senate reconvenes. What a break in the ranks there has been during the past few years! The old guard has been a truly picturesque feature of our national life; when Senator Pettus of Alabama, eighty-four years of age, one of the survivors of the veterans, travels nearly a thousand miles to pay a final tribute to his friend Senator Platt, we can conceive the depth of personal regard which exists between the elder senators. The more one comes into contact with the members of the United States senate, the more one is convinced that no country ever was represented by a nobler type of men.

Who can forget the quiet strength and power of the stately Senator Orville Hitchcock Platt, whose erect form

always reminded one of the towering elms at Washington, Connecticut, his home and birthplace. How well we remember the gleam of his kindly black eyes that would precede the clear comment that was always ready in any situation or event.

Modest to an extreme, kindly to a fault, Senator Platt was an American to the heart's core, and his memory will stand out prominently in the history of the legislative body in which he served his country so well. In the committee room, in the hotel lobbies, on the floor of the senate or in the cloak room, he was always the same genial gentleman; the dignity and stateliness of his carriage were modified by the kindly twinkle in his eye—that liquid twinkle that always reminded me of Senator Hanna, whom he resembled



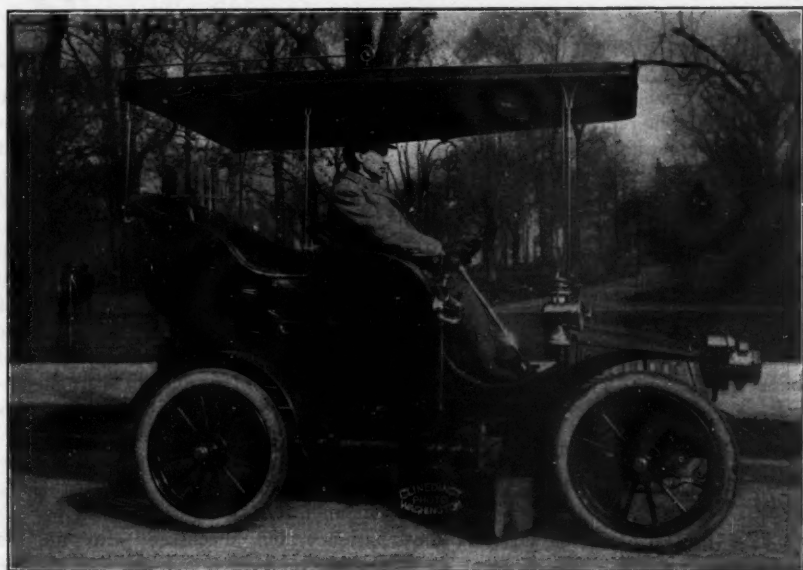
THE PRESIDENT IN HUNTING RIG, "LOADED FOR B'AR"

From stereograph, copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood



SENATOR SAMUEL H. FILES OF WASHINGTON CLOSES HIS EYES AS THE CAMERA SNAPS HIM

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst



MR. B. M. CLINEDINST, PHOTOGRAPHER OF WASHINGTON NOTABLES, IN HIS POPE-HARTFORD CAR



THE DAUGHTERS OF SPEAKER CANNON MANAGE A BIG AUTOMOBILE WITH EASY SKILL

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

in many respects. In my last conversation with him he remarked:

"When I get home, among my native elms, I intend to write an article for you, and see if I can reach heights I have never attained before.

"By the way," he continued, "are you sure you would be willing to publish everything that a senator writes? You know senators sometimes make mistakes like ordinary mortals. You had better be careful about making rash requests for articles from us, or you may have occasion to regret it."

Senator Platt knew whereof he spoke, for he was a newspaper man in his early days. Like Senator Hanna, he seemed to have the knack of saying just the right thing at the right moment and knew how to give the newspaper boys a "story" that was just what they

wanted. He had a horror of the joke about "wooden nutmegs," and said that he could not understand how anyone but a blockhead would ever mention such a thing in connection with his native state, Connecticut. He was devoted to his work, sensible, sound and sane all through,—one of the most thoughtful and kindly men I have ever met. I never can forget the way in which he always inquired about the progress of the National Magazine. On Inauguration Day he was waiting for some hours in the lobby of the senate for his carriage. Yet during all these leaden moments, which were so severe a test to human forbearance, he showed no impatience, but discussed with me his favorite topic of the cloture rule for the senate. Had he lived, he might have secured a revolution in the senate rules

that would have been as noteworthy as his "Platt amendment" for Cuba. He was closely connected with the conduct of the Spanish-American war and with the freedom of Cuba; his notable amendment was a hinge on which turned one of our most important legislative periods.

**N**OW General Fitzhugh Lee is gone. It seems but a few days ago that I met him at the banquet given on the birthday of President McKinley at Canton, Ohio, when he responded to a sentiment that he earnestly felt, speaking with breadth and fervor that were truly national. I think I never heard—I think there never was heard—a more tender and eloquent tribute paid to the memory of William McKinley than that spoken by General Fitzhugh Lee at this banquet.

Like Henry Grady, he was a leader of the new South, and heralded the dawn of a great future for his beloved native state, Virginia, the mother of presidents. He was deeply interested in the exposition that is to be held in Norfolk, commemorating the first settlement of the English in Jamestown in 1607. He practically gave his life for the advancement of his state, for this was the work in which he was engaged when he was stricken. He was very successful in interesting the Massachusetts people, the descendants of the Puritans who settled here in 1620. He desired them to join with the Old Dominion in arranging for the Jamestown Exposition.

The general was the scion of a distinguished family who have been conspicuous for generations in the history of our country. Bluff and hearty, good-



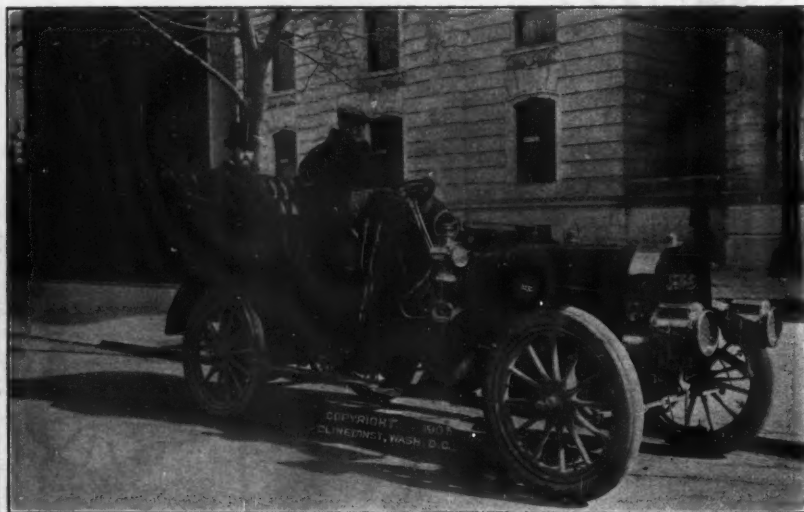
SENOR MANUEL ALVAREZ CALDERON, MINISTER FROM PERU, WITH HIS INTERESTING FAMILY

Photograph by Clinedinst



SENATOR AND MRS. CHAUNCY M. DEPEW TAKE THE AIR IN THE LATEST FASHION

Photograph by Clinedinst



SENATOR GEORGE SUTHERLAND OF UTAH DOESN'T GO FAST ENOUGH TO NEED GOGGLES

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst



natured and genial, he did honor to his ancestry. What music there was in his laughter! What fellowship in his hand-clasp! He was essentially a patriot, and his tribute to "Old Glory" at the McKinley banquet, and his allusion to his sons, all serving their country—one

whose cause he fought like young Bayard, without fear and without reproach. When the wreaths of Memorial Day are strewn above the resting places of the dead, no tribute will be more richly deserved than the flowers that will grace the grave of General Fitzhugh



SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS IS A GOOD HORSEMAN, BUT NOT IN THE PRESIDENT'S CLASS, BY CONSIDERABLE

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

in the far-off Philippines—was a memorable expression of the growing and inspiring sentiment of the South that will soon lead America to forget that there is a South, a North, an East or a West.

Wrapped in the flag he loved, the general was given a soldier's honors. He was buried in Richmond, the one-time capital of the Confederacy in

Lee, emblematic of a life that will ever remain an inspiration to his countrymen.

FOR years past there has been a sort of tacit understanding that "Good Roads" are a "good thing." It has been, in fact, so tacit that nothing worthy of mention has been accomplished in the



FRIEHRER SPECK VON STERNBURG, AMBASSADOR OF GERMANY, ENJOYS A DECOROUS GALLOP NOW AND THEN

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst

way of national legislation. Now that the subject is taken up under the direction of Senator Latimer and Congressman Brownlow there is a promise of more than a tacit understanding. The hearings on the subject of roads and road-building furnish one of the most interesting documents that has been published by the government. The testimony is replete with startling comparisons and suggestions. We are a people who make our boast of having the biggest railroad systems, biggest buildings, biggest trusts and corporations—in fact, the biggest everything on earth—but we forget to add that we have also the poorest roads, considering the size and wealth of the country. We are left far behind by France, which has 23,000 miles of roadway built by the govern-

ment, and even the little Swiss republic far surpasses us in road-building. There is no question that so vitally affects the welfare of the nation, and there are few questions on which apathy is so general.

No argument can possibly prevail against the necessity of good roads, and yet we sit down patiently with the bad roads of the United States, which are costing us hundreds of millions yearly. It was clearly brought out in the hearing that if a foreign foe should devastate our coast-line to the extent of \$1,000,000 every time the sun rises and sets, the nation would arise as one man and put an end to the havoc, but we put up year in and year out with the lassitude of our legislature in regard to good roads, which is costing us so much.

We take a great deal of pride in the

coming completion of the Panama Canal, but the people need good roads quite as much as they need that canal. Over fifty millions of the government's money has gone into rivers and harbors of the country that have not half the traffic that the roads have. In many of the appropriations made for river traffic, the total amount of the traffic was less than the annual appropriation. Why not lay out some of this money on good roads?

Still the bad roadways of the country are permitted to increase the farmers' burden each year. Added to the loneliness of a farmer's life is the condition of the highways, that makes social contact almost impossible, at least for a large part of the year. Ever since this nation was established, the brunt of the burden has fallen upon the farmers, who have always been ready to help when called upon; yet there is no class in the country for whom so little has been done by the government. They have

nearly a billion dollars' worth of corn to haul over those bad roads, \$650,000,000 worth of hay, half a billion of cotton and half a billion of wheat, and yet at every point where this hauling has to be done there is a loss by bad roads that is equivalent to a tariff tax of twelve and one-half cents per ton, an expense which would be almost entirely avoided in a country like France, where good roads are provided.

In the recent investigation it was stated that sixty per cent. of the taxes of the nation are paid by the farmers, and they receive back less than ten per cent. of that. As has been often said, the progress or retrogression of the nation must needs be determined by the progress made in road-building.

Not long since I rode on the Appian Way from Rome, and as I passed over that pathway, used for centuries and centuries past, I thought of the handiwork of the men who are gone and of



SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM OF ILLINOIS, WHO OBEYS THE SPEED LAW

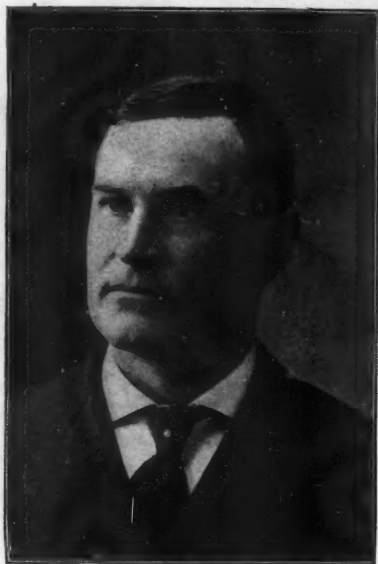
Photograph by Clinedinst



REPRESENTATIVE JOHN A. SULLIVAN OF  
MASSACHUSETTS

how their thoroughness has left this road as a perpetual inheritance to their country, a lasting monument to the industry and foresight of this sturdy people. A roadway that will survive the wear of centuries of travel is something worth constructing. It seems that Italians have always understood the art of making good roads, and in the old days of Julius Caesar the value of a perfect highway as a means of communication was so well understood that it was about the first thing they commenced upon when they had conquered a country. Anyone who has traveled in Wales will remember the magnificent Roman roads, that are as good now as when they were first constructed, centuries ago. We speak of our macadam with pride, but nothing can excel the fine surface of these old roads, over which it is indeed a pleasure to travel.

The influx of Italian immigration into this country ought to have a salutary influence on the building of good roads, for we have in them a corps of century trained road-builders. It is clear that some new means of road-building must be found, for the old-time system utilized throughout the country has certainly proved unsatisfactory. Probably first for the reason that those in charge have little or no knowledge of road-building, and next that it becomes an onerous and compulsory makeshift to provide for taxation which can never fructify into lasting results. In addition to these drawbacks, that system is looked upon as a form of slavery and an expiating of an offence—as it were—against the state. Associated with road work we have criminals wearing the ball and chain, and the independent farmers of our nation naturally object to being classed with these. The thing to be done now is to go at the problem of road-making in a practical and common-sense way.



REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES H. WEISSE  
OF WISCONSIN

Make it a matter of business—have roads built by road-builders and ditches dug by ditch-diggers, and let us stop "scratching gravel" in the futile and desultory fashion which has hitherto been called "road-building." I am familiar with a certain country district in New England where the farmers turned out at various times to put in the specified time on the making of a new road. At one time, the place having been assigned for a new road, one man arrived with a horse and cart and drove it back and forth until he had put in the time specified. A day or two after another man came with a bullock wagon. Seeing no sign of the farmers who were to help him, but noting the traces of the work accomplished by his predecessor on the ground, he cheerfully drove his wagon to and fro. On various other days the farmers deputed to this work straggled along—no two at the same time—and



REPRESENTATIVE W. P. BROWNLOW OF  
TENNESSEE, A LEADER IN THE GOOD  
ROADS MOVEMENT IN CONGRESS



REPRESENTATIVE HERSCHEL M. HOGG  
OF PUEBLO, COLORADO

each one followed the plan of the first. After a while the decree of government had been fulfilled, but there was no road there, any more than there had been in the beginning.

It is not enough that Uncle Sam furnishes handsomely printed plans and specifications on road-building; the government should be interested at least to the extent of giving this matter substantial support. Let the states and the government unite in just proportion in making possible a system of national highways.

The illogical claim that the farmers should provide their own roads has long ago been exploded, and has taken its place with the discarded theory that the draymen and citizens who use the streets should provide their own thoroughfares.





MRS. G. V. HAMILTON, ELDER DAUGHTER OF GENERAL CHAFFEE

Photograph, copyright 1905, by G. V. Buck

The farmers serve the nation in hauling their products to the markets. The people have long recognized the need for better highways, and bulky petitions have been sent to Washington on this subject. These petitions have not been sufficient to stir up the government, and now the time has come for a specific effort—a uniting of all the people who are vitally interested. It is time for the farmers, owners of suburban homes, dwellers both in villages and cities—to say nothing of the ever zealous automobilist—to exert themselves in one unani-

mous demand, and this done, there should be no question about a good roads law of some kind passing at the next session of congress, despite the apparently futile efforts that have been made along these lines in years past.

It would be direct economy for the postal department to provide roads over which the carriers could make ten or fifteen more miles per day than they do now. The introduction of rural free delivery routes will bring the matter of good roads to the front as a direct necessity of the federal government and



MISS CHAFFEE, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL CHAFFEE  
Photograph, copyright 1905, by G. V. Buck

it will now be a matter of actual effort, rather than of mere talk and discussion. The probabilities are that something positive along these lines will be enacted in the coming congress. Let "good roads" be something more than a mere empty phrase. Let Uncle Sam go at this proposition with the same vigor and spirit which he has shown in the undertaking of the Panama Canal, for it is right in line with this movement, and is quite as necessary for the development of the nation.

THE president won the hearts of the Texans by his heartiness and evident sincerity. More than one of their native orators alluded to him as "a pretty good democrat" during his visit to the Lone Star state—and that was the highest compliment they knew how to pay him. He gave them old-fashioned, straight talk on homely but vital subjects bearing on good citizenship, and they came out in immense numbers to hear him and meet him in every city he visited. One of our photographs



MRS. DONALD MCLEAN, THE NEWLY  
ELECTED PRESIDENT-GENERAL OF  
THE DAUGHTERS OF THE  
AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Photograph by Clinedinst

published in these pages shows him addressing a vast throng in front of the historic Alamo at San Antonio; and the country in that hour seemed to feel that the place was fitting: that Roosevelt, more than any other of our presidents, notwithstanding his New York City nativity, typifies the men who made Texas first a free republic and then a state of the Union. One enthusiastic Texan orator declared him the greatest president since Andrew Jackson. He certainly makes good with men of all sorts, wherever he goes, and convinces all of them that he means to live up to his motto,

"A square deal for every man."

Both the Texas senators were conspicuous by their absence from the scene during the president's journey through their state. Mr. Bailey and Mr. Culberson went counter to the desire of their state and fought the president's program for speedy construction of the Isthmian canal at Panama. Their honesty of purpose was never in doubt for a minute, and Texas (since the canal bill went through in spite of them) will probably regard them with something of the same tolerant affection that Massachusetts was wont to display toward the late Senator Hoar when he followed his inner convictions rather than the desire of his party in his treatment of public measures.

Our pictures from Colorado show the president in hunting rig, on horseback, and apparently having the time of his life. He planned rather to avoid than to find opportunity for public speaking in Colorado: he went there to rough it in the mountains and forget his official burdens for a few days. His secretary, Mr. Loeb, remained in a near-by city, with one eye on the mountains and the other toward Washington. Very few facts from the outer world were allowed to trickle into the hunting camp where the president, with Dr. Lambert of New York and the guides, was doing things to bears, mountain lions and other varmints. It is understood that the president did keep pretty closely informed with regard to the progress of the war in the far East; he naturally hopes peace will dawn soon, and is not unlikely to be asked by both belligerents to help them settle details when the time comes. Whether he took any action in the row on between Mr. Bowen, our minister to Venezuela, and Mr. Loomis, our first assistant secretary of state, is not clear; at any rate he is likely to get that ugly quarrel cleared up in short order, now that he back is in his workshop.

Mr. Bowen charges that Mr. Loomis,

who preceded Bowen at Caracas, took pay from the asphalt company that has been having all the trouble with President Castro, the inference being, naturally, that Mr. Loomis, then minister to Venezuela, would help the asphalt company in its fight with Castro over matters that are now being judicially weighed in the courts of Venezuela. Mr. Loomis emphatically denies the charge and demands an investigation. Secretary Taft, as acting president, has ordered Mr. Bowen home and relieved him of his official duties pending the result of the inquiry.

Meantime, President Castro, who cordially hates both Loomis and Bowen, is probably chuckling over the prospect of killing two birds with one stone—it being understood that he supplied the information upon which Mr. Bowen made his charges against Mr. Loomis.

**B**IG railroad men from all parts of the country have been giving testimony before Senator Elkins' committee since adjournment, with reference to the pending bills designed to correct abuses and regulate rates.

The impression has been allowed to go out from the committee that, while congress will probably enact some measure restricting rebates and other forms of favoritism, it will not give any federal commission the power to make rates.

If the senate takes this attitude, the president must either modify his views or try to bring the senate forward to his position as he stated it some weeks ago. He said then, in substance, that a government commission should have power to suspend or modify rates found to be unjust, and to fix fair rates and conditions, which should stand pending an appeal to the courts by the railroads.



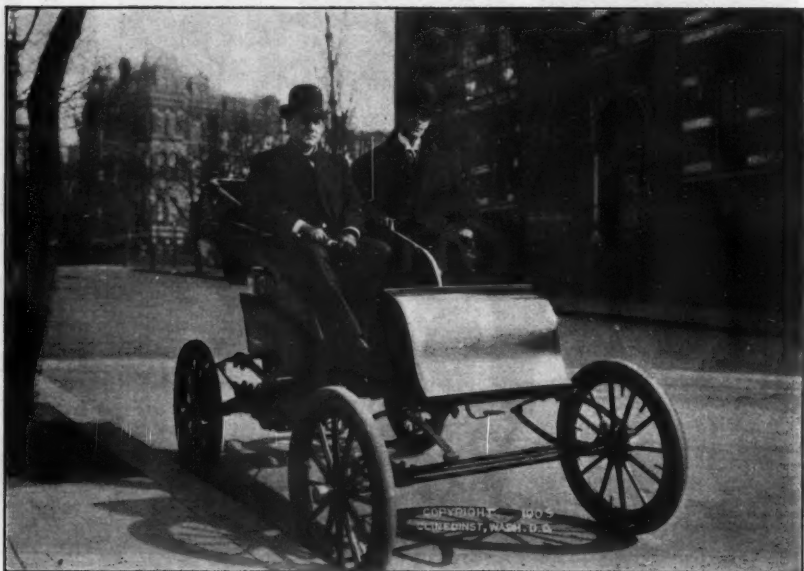
JUDGE EDWARD F. DUNNE, MAYOR OF CHICAGO, AND HIS BIG FAMILY OF HEALTHY, HAPPY CHILDREN

Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate, New York



REPRESENTATIVE FOSS OF ILLINOIS (REAR SEAT) STARTING FOR A SPIN

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst



SENATOR BURKETT OF NEBRASKA (RIGHT SEAT) IN A GO-CART BUILT FOR TWO

Photograph, copyright 1905, by Clinedinst



# CHICAGO AND MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

By MAYOR EDWARD F. DUNNE

**F**OLLOWING an expression of the people's will, three times emphasized at the ballot-box, Chicago has entered resolutely upon the advance toward final consummation of municipal ownership of its street railway lines. My pledge to the people is to bring about, at the earliest possible moment, municipal ownership and operation of the city's traction utilities.

As a preliminary step to the execution of this task with which I have been charged, I requested the Lord Provost of Glasgow that permission be granted the manager of the municipal tramway system of that Scottish city to visit Chicago. As a result of acquiescence, Mr. James Dalrymple comes to Chicago to give us the benefit of his advice, based upon actual experience in the operation of one of the oldest and most successful municipally-owned traction systems the world has known.

I have appointed as special counsel for the city in traction affairs Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, one of the distinguished members of the Chicago bar and for years a leader in the municipal ownership propaganda in this city. With these preliminaries Chicago enters upon the advance toward consummation of the municipal ownership plan which the people have approved at the ballot-box—purchase of the traction properties from their private owners by the city under a friendly agreement, if possible; by condemnation under the statute of eminent domain or other legal methods if necessary, or by the construction of new lines.

## A Demonstrated Success

That municipal ownership and operation is no idle dream, no mere captivating fancy or alluring theory, but an actual, practical reality, now need no more be argued. The people of Chi-

cago, as of many other cities, learned long ago that municipal ownership and operation is in practical force in more than a hundred cities in Great Britain; that it is in operation in many of the cities of Germany, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Italy and Australasia. Where it is in force it has resulted in reduced fares, in more rapid, constant and efficient service, in increased wages to traction employees, in general public satisfaction. In nearly every instance, I may add, it has contributed to the reduction of general taxes.

In the scores of cities of the world where municipal ownership and operation has become a reality under a civil service law, it has minimized municipal corruption. It has stamped out the briber and the boodler. It has taken franchise and special privilege seeking, breeder of official debauchery, out of politics.

Every important American city, within a decade, has been afflicted with "the traction problem." Nowhere has a franchise to a private corporation been more than a temporary abatement of ills. The only cities where the "traction question" has disappeared are those cities of Europe which have municipalized their street railway services. There transit development has been freed from the blight of speculative control, and goes forward steadily for the public welfare. With one or two exceptions, every important city of Great Britain now has adopted the policy of municipal management of local rapid transit. Leading continental cities have done likewise. And the nearer the inquirer approaches the spot where this movement actually is on, the more pronounced is the testimony in its favor. It is preeminently a movement of steady progress in civic conditions.

### Chicago Last in Her Class

Of the six cities of the world which have approached or passed the 2,000,000 population mark—London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, New York and Chicago—all, save Chicago, have known public ownership of rapid transit facilities of recent years to some degree. Vienna operates its own street railways. Berlin now owns and operates two minor electric lines and has declared for no further tramway grants. Paris has provided for the municipal operation of the elaborate system of underground electric railways it is completing. New York owns twenty-four miles of subways and has taken over the ferry service to Staten Island. The London County Council gradually is securing possession of all tramway lines in the county, but a few weeks ago having determined to pay \$16,500,000 for the physical property and \$600,000 for four years' unexpired leases of the lines north of the Thames—lines heretofore leased to a private company for a rental of \$110,000 annually.

Chicago, in part, has learned its municipal ownership lesson first hand. In a decade it has developed what is probably the greatest municipal electric lighting plant in the world, reducing the cost of electric light more than one-half. For fifty years it has operated its own water system, deriving a net annual profit of more than \$1,500,000 and supplying its people with water at the cheapest rate known in any city in the state of Illinois, if not in the United States.

### Eight Years on the Griddle

But for almost eight years Chicago had been kept on the traction griddle. It was during this period that there came the public awakening which resulted in the people declaring three times at the ballot-box for municipal ownership of these public utilities. Chicago's traction history may thus be traced in brief:

In 1859 the first franchise, for twenty-five years, was granted the Chicago City Railway Company. In 1865 the company, through open and notorious corruption of the state legislature, obtained the passage of the infamous ninety-nine-year act—the act over which much litigation has been waged and on which the corporations based a claim that their initial privileges were extended for a period of ninety-nine years. At the next session of the legislature this act was repealed. Thereafter, by constitutional amendment, any further street railway grants without the consent of the local authorities were prohibited, and by statute in 1874 such franchises were limited for the future to twenty years.

In 1883 the traction companies, offshoots of the original corporation and the latter, obtained a twenty-year extension of their franchises from the city council. Corruption charges were rife. In 1897 the traction companies went to the state legislature and by means well known to every citizen of Chicago, attempted to force the passage of the infamous Humphrey bill. They failed but did succeed in securing enactment of the notorious Allen law, allowing extension of franchises for fifty years. They sought the city council for consummation of this "grab" plan, but Chicago's citizens marched to the City Hall and forced a victory for civic decency and at the next session of the legislature the Allen law was repealed.

By a vote of 142,826 to 27,998 Chicago's electorate declared in April, 1902, for the public ownership of the street railways. A year later the state legislature passed the Mueller law under which the city was empowered to own and operate its own street car system. Another year passed and in April, 1904, by a vote of five to one—153,223 for to 30,279 against—Chicago's citizens adopted this law. At the same time, by a similar overwhelming vote, the people

declared for proceeding "without delay to acquire ownership of the street railways under the powers conferred by the Mueller law." At the same time, by a vote of 120,863 to 48,200, the people directed the city council "instead of granting any franchises," to "proceed at once under the police powers" to "license the street railway companies until municipal ownership can be secured." Then, on April 4 last, came the final ballot declaration that "no franchise be granted any street railway company."

### **"Inefficiency and Indecency of Private Management"**

While this traction history was making, Chicago learned, from bitter experience, the gross inefficiency and indecency of private management of public utilities. It learned that the chief aim of private ownership is to pay exorbitant dividends upon watered stocks: in the case of the Chicago City Railway Company the dividends averaged as high as forty-two per cent. annually for nineteen years. It was forced to submit to being jammed into miserably ill-lighted, ill-kept cars. It hung on straps on its way to work in the morning and on its way home at night. It underwent the collection of illegal double fares for years. It rode in cars the temperature of which would chill the living and preserve the dead. Private management of these utilities debauched over and over again the city's lawmakers and the lawmakers of the state. The bad service retarded the city's growth and depreciated real estate values. In short, Chicago found private ownership a ball and chain to its feet. And out of this came the declaration for municipal ownership. There have been but two serious obstacles set up by those who have opposed the city's taking its own—first, that Chicago has not the ready cash to take over the traction properties; second, that municipal operation will

tend to create a "political machine."

It may be true that the city has not the ready cash to acquire or build a street-car system. But the way to the means is at hand. The Mueller law empowers the city to raise the necessary money by the issuance of interest-bearing certificates, or income bonds, which form a lien upon the street railway properties taken over by the municipality. Under this law three securities are assured the holders of these street-car certificates. First, the revenues or income to be derived from the street railway property, for the acquisition of which the certificates are issued; secondly, such certificates are secured by a mortgage or deed of trust upon "all street railway property acquired or to be acquired by the city;" thirdly, the certificates are secured by a grant in the mortgage or deed of trust of a privilege or "right to maintain and operate the street railway property for a period not exceeding twenty years from and after the date such property may have come into the possession of any person or corporation as the result of foreclosure proceedings."

### **Ninety Millions of Water**

In round figures, the street railway companies of Chicago have stocks, bonds and other obligations and securities outstanding to an aggregate of more than \$117,000,000. Yet reports of liberal engineering experts have placed the value of the companies' tangible properties at not to exceed \$27,000,000. If private companies, with only the security offered by the tangible property and expired or expiring twenty-year franchises, (the majority secured in 1883) raised more than \$117,000,000 upon \$27,000,000 of actual property, what is to prevent the city of Chicago from raising the amount needed for municipalization of the lines on the triple security presented in support of the street-car certificates? Prominent

financiers of New York, Chicago and other cities have asserted the prediction that these interest-bearing certificates will be many times over-subscribed when presented to the public.

The means at hand, the next step is the acquisition of street railway lines—purchased by agreement with the private owners, if possible; by condemnation or other lawful methods, if need be, or by building new lines. Condemnation proceedings, instituted under the statute of eminent domain, can be brought to final settlement before the highest court, so Judge Murray F. Tuley and other distinguished jurists and lawyers have agreed, within a period of one and one-half years.

The second objection worthy of attention was that municipal ownership and operation of the lines will "tend to build up a great political machine, in that employes of the roads under municipal operation would be placed in position by machine politicians and that the service they would give the public would be guided by the wishes of their political sponsors rather than the demands of the public."

#### **Takes It Out of Politics**

Friends of municipal operation demand that this operation shall be under

clear, systematic, rigid civil service provision; that all employes shall be selected by a practical examination and that their selection shall be determined solely and exclusively by their capacity to perform the work required and not by their political character.

Municipal ownership and operation will take the "traction question" OUT of politics. Private ownership placed this question IN politics and seeks to hold it there, breeding corruption and debauchery. It is notorious that, under private ownership of the traction lines, any alderman or public official who is on good terms with the traction companies has placed his "friends" into positions furnished by the public service corporations—has used traction jobs as convenient berths for his followers.

Municipal ownership will take the "traction problem" out of politics and to a great extent stamp out public corruption. It will, as it has done in all European cities where established, bring satisfaction to the public, increased wages and reduced working hours to the employes, end street railway strikes, abate public strife and apprehension, remove the blight of speculative control, and provide the real solution of the "traction question." This goal Chicago resolutely advances to attain.



# STORIES ABOUT PERSIAN WOMEN

By MARY A. CLARKE

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I KNOW of no better way to get an idea of the women of Persia than by listening to the stories which the people tell among themselves.

If there is any race of people anywhere that does not make woman the butt of nine-tenths of its jokes, that people would have a right to think the Persian too hard upon woman, but it would ill become an American to express such an opinion. It is not true, of course, in America, where every woman is fully worthy of the high pedestal upon which man has placed her, but in Persia the force of these stories lies in the large amount of truth which they contain.

I have endeavored to recollect not only such stories as are entertaining in themselves, but also such as illustrate Persian character and give a fair idea of the stories which the people tell among themselves. The first one I have named

## **KHADIJA, THE VIRAGO**

There once lived a Persian named Khodabaksh, whose wife, Khadija, was a great scold. One day in desperation Khodabaksh threw his wife into a dry well in the yard.

For some time afterward he lived happily, enjoying the peace and quiet of his home; but one day as he sat down to his dinner of curried rice he reluctantly admitted that it is well to have a woman in the house even if she is a scold. He was too poor to pay for a second wedding, so he determined to release Khadija—if she had survived her confinement in the well. Leaning over the well, he shouted: "Khadija!" A feeble voice responded. Khodabaksh quickly lowered a rope and drew up—a huge dragon. Before the man could

recover from his astonishment, the Dragon began to pour forth thanks for release from "that dreadful woman," and in token of gratitude he offered to grant any request that Khodabaksh might make. While Khodabaksh still hesitated, the Dragon said:

"Let me tell you what to do. I will station myself before the royal palace and will eat all those who desire to go either in or out. The king will offer a reward to have me removed, but I will not stir until you come. Then I will glide away as if under a magic spell exerted by you."

To all this Khodabaksh readily agreed. The Dragon stationed himself at the gate of the palace. The king day by day increased the reward offered for his removal, and at length proclaimed:

"The man who will rid me of this monster shall receive my daughter in marriage, become my grand vizier and be made the richest man in my kingdom."

Upon this, Khodabaksh boldly approached the Dragon, whispered a few words in his ear, and lo! the Dragon quietly disappeared.

The king fulfilled his promise royally, and for a time Khodabaksh enjoyed his extraordinary good fortune. But at length there came to the court of the Shah a messenger from the king of a neighboring country, who said: "The Dragon that a few years ago so disturbed Your Majesty has been sitting for weeks before the gate of my royal master, and he begs that your most wise and learned vizier will come and relieve him, as he once relieved you."

Now the Dragon as he glided away had whispered to Khodabaksh, "This



once I obey you, but never again will I do so."

Imagine, therefore, the dismay of the vizier when the king summoned him and informed him of the opportunity for winning fresh glory and renown. If he confessed the truth he would lose his wife, his wealth, his position—probably his head. But a Persian seldom betrays his feelings, if he wishes to conceal them, and nothing of the perturbation that Khodabaksh felt was visible in the courtly manner with which he bowed himself from the royal presence and prepared for his journey.

Arrived at his destination, Khodabaksh left his retinue at the city gate and alone and unarmed proceeded to the palace. As he approached, the Dragon began spitting fire, tearing up the ground, and in dreadful tones crying out: "I will never again obey you. I will never again obey you."

"Softly, my good friend," said Khodabaksh, "softly. I have not come to drive you from this place; only to tell you, confidentially, and in token of my gratitude, that Khadija is out of the well and is coming this way!"



#### INSTRUCTING AN AUTHOR

The following story shows the clever way in which Persian women sometimes outwit the most vigilant of husbands.

She stood hesitating by the street door. With one hand she balanced on her head a graceful water-jug; with the other she struggled to undo the heavy fastening of the door. The most casual observer of her action must have seen that even a clumsy Persian bolt would not necessarily detain her so long. The man who sat on the brick ledge by the door just across the narrow street was something more than a casual observer. An hour before, this man had been sitting by the pool where the women congregate to get water, to wash their

clothes and to gossip. He was an author and he had been reading selections from his works, receiving from the woman and the passers-by small sums of money as a return for his entertainment.

There was nothing in the appearance of this particular woman that should have attracted his attention.

Like all Mohammedan women when upon the street, she was clad in a costume which completely hid both features and form.

There was nothing unusual in her appearance, but Ali—the reader—noticed several peculiar things in her conduct. When he first saw her she was standing at the upper end of the pool; soon she made her way to the lower end near which he was seated. Apparently she paid no attention to the reading, was not even aware of the presence of the reader, but Ali observed that it took her a long time to fill her jug. After it was filled, being apparently not pleased with the quality of the water, she slowly emptied the jug and refilled it. In lifting the jug to her head, also, her arm brushed aside her long veil. Was it accidental? Ali knew not. But he did know that in the instant before the veil fell, two black eyes had looked directly into his.

As soon as the woman was out of sight—Ali closed his book and sauntered down the street along which she had passed. Having turned a corner he ran rapidly after a woman carrying a water-jug whom he saw in the distance. Alas! he could not tell whether or not she was the woman whose eyes had challenged him to follow her. Her own husband, if he were not sure of her identity, would not dare to lift her veil or to speak to her upon the street.

Ali walked a few steps ahead of the woman in order to make his presence known, then fell back and followed her until she reached her own door. Seating himself in the opposite doorway, he watched with interest her prolonged

efforts to withdraw the bar. Her actions convinced him that she was the woman he sought, but he began to fear that her courage would fail her at the last moment. The woman as she entered the yard turned quickly and said in a low tone, "Come in and read to me."

Having barred the gate behind them, and deposited her jug in a niche in the wall, the woman conducted her guest to the farther end of the courtyard, where there was a partition provided with a rug and cushions. Here, screened from the view of any curious persons on the neighboring housetops, she settled herself comfortably, partly threw aside her mantle, adjusted her veil so that her eyes were visible while the rest of her face was concealed and then bade the man read to her the most exciting chapter from his book.

"It is a book about women," said the author, "and I will read a chapter telling of the skillful way in which women deceive their husbands."

"That will be fine," said the woman. But as the reading proceeded, she showed signs of being bored and at length asked contemptuously, "What do you know about women?"

The man, thinking that she disbelieved the marvelous stories that he had told, hastened to assure her that he had had a great deal of experience with women, and that many whom he had known were quite capable of doing the things that he had related.

"Perhaps they are," said the woman scornfully, "but these things are stupid in the extreme. Now I could add a spicy chapter to your book. Why, I—" Here there came a violent knocking at the street door, and a man's voice was heard demanding entrance.

"Who is it?" asked Ali anxiously, noticing that the woman was much agitated.

"My husband," she replied. "I did

not expect him until evening. If he finds you here he will kill you."

Ali, who had every reason to believe that the woman spoke the truth, implored her to save him. After a moment's thought the woman told him to get into a large box that stood in the yard.

All this time the knocking continued, while the husband cursed his wife and repeatedly ordered her to open the door instantly. After helping the man into the box, the woman locked it, then sauntered across the yard and withdrew the heavy fastening of the door. Her husband, fuming with rage, entered and demanded to know why she had kept him waiting.

"Because," said the woman indifferently, "a man was visiting me, and I stopped to hide him."

"And where have you hidden him?" asked the man, his anger at the fact itself partly counteracted by his amazement at the coolness with which his wife confessed it.

"In that box," she replied, "and here is the key."

But as the man sprang to snatch the key, his wife darted away. Then ensued a lively chase around the courtyard, the imprecations of the husband followed by the mocking laughter of the wife.

Meanwhile the feelings of the man in the box may be imagined. This woman who had laughed at his book and who had boasted of her own powers of strategy, had not the wit to attempt to save either herself or him.

At length the woman, seemingly exhausted, sank upon the ground and the key fell from her hand. As her husband snatched it angrily she laughed up in his face and said: "Philopena!"

With an oath the man threw the key at her and strode from the yard. As his footsteps died away in the distance the woman helped the author from his cramped position in the box, then handing him the volume, which she had con-

cealed among the pillows, she asked demurely:

"Have you anything in your book as good as this?"



### INSHA ALLAH

(God Willing)

A Persian always prefaces the expression of his determination to do something with the words "Insha Allah." The following story is told which illustrates the origin of this custom and also gives a picture of the henpecked husband.

"Aye, Fatima, I'm going to take a fat sheep to Ispahan today and sell it."

"Insha Allah," said Fatima reprovingly, as she placed the steaming "samovar" on the tray, and proceeded to pour her lord's tea. She rinsed the tea-glass in the brass basin with a great clatter and wiped it with ostentation. Her brother had once been "tea-pourer" to a great man of Ispahan, and from him Fatima had learned the art of serving tea in a manner that gave her social distinction in her village. She never exercised her highest art for her husband, however, except on occasions when she wished to impress him with her superiority. This was such an occasion.

Fatima was a pious woman, and Gulam Ali's boastful way of saying: "I am going to do—" shocked her, at least made her tremble lest Allah should prevent the accomplishment of the deed determined upon without recognition of His power. Fatima always said: "Insha Allah," and if asked, "Do you think it will rain?" raised her eyes to heaven and answered: "God knows."

A display of superiority on the part of his wife was as disagreeable to Gulam Ali as to other men, but Fatima's method of display involved the compensating circumstance of more sugar than she ordinarily allowed him. Usually he

"toothed" his sugar, making one lump do for three glasses of tea, by biting off a small portion which he held in his mouth while drinking.

This morning accordingly he concealed his inclination to retort, and watched with satisfaction the effort of his wife to emphasize her religious convictions. Three large lumps of sugar almost filled the little tea-glass. Boiling water from the faucet of the "samovar" dripped slowly upon them until a thick syrup filled one-third of the glass. The tea-cosy was reverently removed from the teapot on top of the "samovar," and a layer of tea was poured above the syrup, whose consistency prevented the tea from readily mingling with it. The glass was then filled with hot water, which the strong tea upheld.

Gulam Ali, as he received the artistic little tea-glass filled with the varicolored fluid, had the pleasure of knowing that the Shah himself would not be better served for breakfast. His gratification was marred, however, by Fatima's evident recognition of that fact. Three glasses of tea and vast quantities of thin bread were devoured by Gulam Ali in silence. One always feels more courageous after breakfast, so as he arose Gulam Ali remarked with increased confidence, "I'm going to take a fat sheep to Ispahan today and sell it."

"Insh—" but the rest of the word was drowned by the slamming of the door.

Half an hour later Gulam Ali shouted for Fatima to bolt the street door after him. Stepping out into the courtyard, she beheld her husband mounted on a white donkey, his ample cloak almost covering the little animal. Tied to the crupper was a large, black sheep. Its broad, fat tail swept the ground and was a serious impediment, but neither Gulam Ali nor the donkey would object to the slow pace which would be necessary in order that the sheep might keep

up with them. From the sheep's neck hung a bell.

Fatima watched the little procession as it moved down the narrow street. Release from the confinement of the underground stable had an animating effect upon the donkey. Gulam Ali shared in the exhilarating sense of freedom. There was an air of unusual liveliness about both. At a turn of the crooked street, Gulam Ali raised himself in the stirrups, waved his hand, and shouted mockingly: "Aye, Fatima, I'm going—" but the remainder of the boast was lost in the rattling of the bolts. Gulam Ali's thoughts on this occasion were of the pleasantest nature. A journey of ten miles was an event in his life. His father had always done the little buying and selling that was necessary in their business. Now his father was dead, and Gulam Ali was making his first trip out into the great world. In addition to his sense of business responsibilities and escape from domestic tyranny, there was the satisfaction of being well dressed and riding a donkey of which even a priest might be proud. True, both the donkey and the long, ample "aba" were borrowed, but Gulam Ali was a true Persian, and these things disturbed him not. The green turban, which proclaimed him a lineal descendant of the Prophet, gained for him a respectful consideration from the passers-by, and as one after another, with his hand upon his breast, bowed low and poured his peace upon the traveler, the heart of the simple peasant glowed with pride.

As Gulam Ali entered the gate of Ispahan a man approached him and asked the direction to the Mosque of the Golden Dome. Gulam Ali was pleased to be taken for a resident of the city instead of the half-frightened peasant that he was, viewing the metropolis for the first time. Few Persians lack the wit to reply to a question without betraying their ignorance, and our

friend was not numbered among these few. While the stranger detained him with one question after another, a second man came quietly up behind him, loosened the sheep, took the bell from its neck and tied it to the tail of the donkey and led the sheep away. The questioner, with a profusion of thanks and a last "God bless you," departed and the unsuspecting villager proceeded on his way to the bazaar, assured of the presence of the sheep by the tinkling of the bell behind him.

As he jogged along, dreaming of what he would do with the money obtained for the sheep, he was aroused by the laughter of a passer-by, who asked:

"Why did you tie that bell to your donkey's tail?"

Looking around, Gulam Ali perceived his loss. The unfortunate man explained the situation to the stranger, who listened sympathetically and then asked:

"Was your sheep black, with a white face and two white feet?"

"Yes, yes," said Gulam Ali eagerly.

"It is evident," said the man, "that some 'loutie'\* is playing a joke on you, but we will outwit him. As I came along this street just now I met a man leading such a sheep as you describe. If you go quickly you will overtake him; but, as the street is very narrow a little farther on, you would better leave your donkey with me."

Gulam Ali did so. He ran fast and far, and made many inquiries, but saw nothing of his sheep. Discouraged, he returned to the place where he had left his donkey, only to find that both donkey and man had disappeared.

Dazed by his double loss, he started for home. As he neared the gate of the city he saw a man peering into an open well, and weeping bitterly. Misfortune makes us tender-hearted, so Gulam Ali stopped to inquire the cause of the other's grief.

"Ah!" said the man, "I am ruined.

\*Ispahan is noted for its "louties," men who make a living by playing practical jokes.

My master is a great prince of Ispahan. He has recently met with reverses of fortune which obliged him to part with some of his jewels. He entrusted them to me. I was on my way to sell them when just at this place I stumbled, the casket flew from my girdle and fell into this well."

"But why did you not quickly descend and recover the casket?" asked Gulam Ali.

"Because," said the man, "I could not do so without getting dizzy. It would be as much as my life is worth to go down into this well. But if some other man would recover the jewels for me, I would

reward him generously." Visions of more money than twenty sheep would bring danced before the eyes of Gulam Ali as he quickly divested himself of his clothing and descended into the well. He searched long and carefully, but found no casket. Neither, on his return to the mouth of the well, did he find his clothing.

Naked, cold and hungry, the poor man crept into the shadow of a ruined wall to wait for nightfall before returning home. At midnight Fatima heard a timid knock at the gate.

"Who is there?" she demanded.

And the benumbed Gulam Ali meekly replied, "Insha Allah, it is I."

## "WE'LL FIGURE THAT OUT" ✻ Photographic Study

By W. G. MANDEVILLE

LOWVILLE, NEW YORK







*Very sincerely yours  
Rudyard Kipling*

## RUDYARD KIPLING AT NAULAKHA

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Author of "Islands of Tranquil Delight," "Exits and Entrances," etc.  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I T was a pretty climb up to Brattleboro and the day was passing fair. At the station I looked in vain for Rudyard Kipling, who had bidden me to be his guest at Naulakha. I searched in some anxiety for the young man who was all my fancy painted and more, too, before I had ever laid eyes on him; there was no Rudyard in the flesh within my horizon and I was almost in despair when a good samaritan said softly, "Are

you looking for Mr. Kipling? There is his trap." There it was, to be sure, as English as English: a handsomely groomed cob, a smart cart, a smarter British coachman in livery on the high seat and all at my service, if you please.

We scattered H's by the way and were the observed of all observers until we got out of the hilly town and were well on the road to Naulakha.

A pretty land that, gloriously green;

and with hill and dale well wooded and a rushing river that is choked with logs in springtime.

Of course I might have known that a busy author has no time to meet an idle one at a way station—if I had only thought of it in season. I might have known, as well, that the fittest turnout in all Vermont could belong to none other than the gentleman farmer, who was so little understood by his neighbors on the other side of the fence that there came a crisis in his life and adventures, and like the Arab of the uncrowned American laureate, he silently stole away.

Perhaps no one knows just why affairs turned out as they did. Surely he never intruded upon the Brattleboro-nians, unless it were a small piece of his mind—and that more in sorrow than in anger—when they permitted a tiresome and tireless trolley to profane the most aristocratic and exclusive of their streets in the high and mighty residence quarter. Who that has a free soul would not chafe at such an innovation? Perhaps they gloried in their disgrace after they discovered that it pained the young man's pride in them. At any rate the breech widened and there was no rest for his soul or the sole of his foot until there was another postoffice on the railway map, and a time-table that hung upon the hem of his garment, as it were, down yonder in the lap of his meadows. He had only to wave his hand now and the steam-horse reared on its hind legs and stood panting while it waited for him to mount and alight.

His hail-fellows wanted the impromptu station to be called Kipling, as indeed it should have been, for it was his inspiration and resulted through his individual efforts; but he was too modest to lend his noble name to this mote in the eye of Brattleboro, and so the postoffice is called Wait—only this and nothing more.

As we went bowling over the country

road on our way to Naulakha, I thought of the little note in my pocket—so very unlike the notes in other keys that have been attributed to him:—

NAULAKHA,  
BRATTLEBORO,  
VERMONT,

"JUNE 21, '95.

You have but to let us know about when you are coming; to name the day, when you know it, a week or so in advance; and give us the N. Y. hour of departure of your train from the Grand Central, and welcome shall you be. I mention these homely details at length that when you find you can get away you may not say:—"They don't expect me and my coming suddenly might throw 'em out."

Remember now not to go wandering by up the Massachusetts shore or playing in Beverly Farms or otherwise giving us the slip. I am concerned truly about the Californian business but I cannot say truthfully I shall be so sorry if it brings you here.

How very good all this seemed to me at that moment; I felt almost as if I were "on the road to Mandalay," where "the sun comes up like thunder, out of China 'cross the way."

The road climbed up the hill and dropped into little hollows beyond it. We passed the country school house—how still it was in vacation time—and the comfortable farm house where the Kiplings lived while Naulakha was being built; we threaded musical groves and came out upon a hill-top that was as good as a mountain-height for the great and glorious view that it commanded. Suddenly we turned an airy corner and dashed down the road between a villa and a stable, both trim and handsome and, best of all, very hospitable-looking and home-like.

This was Naulakha!

In the doorway waving a welcome stood Mr. and Mrs. Kipling, radiant with good cheer. The home was an ideal one, the realization of a cherished dream. The house has a wholesome,

English air. It is ingeniously planned. The master's Den is upon the lower left above the basement. A door opens upon the verandah in the picture. From the verandah one descends into a terraced enclosure, where every sweet and homely flower was in blossom when I arrived, and where the butterflies and bees were evidently enjoying a garden party. A high wall upon the upper side of the garden shut it off from prying eyes; the road lay just beyond it; the garden sloped to the sunshine and lay open to all the winds of heaven; from its paths one could look upon wide vales and distant hills and bits of wildwood and acres and acres of grain; it was a lovely, restful and inviting view.

R. K., wheeling about in his chair at the writing desk; "I shall not mind you. Help yourself to books. When I am not writing I shall chat with you."

That is just what he did. I found the originals of all those booklets he published in India, which are now so rare and bring such extravagant prices. I read while he wrote. From time to time I could hear him humming a little tune to himself and presently he would wheel 'round and read me the couplet he had just written in that rhythm. Or perchance it was a bit of prose he read me. He seemed to have no fixed hours for composition but to be in the writing mood at almost any time, or even all the time. I think he was not easily disturbed; that



NAULAKHA, THE HOME THAT RUDYARD KIPLING BUILT AT BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT

Now the art of it all is, and the charm of it, that the Den cannot be approached save through a great living-room, and there was always someone there to head off intruders. Mrs. Kipling was usually the guardian angel of the house. It was not unfrequently her unpleasant duty to refuse admittance to persistent interviewers. They did not, I believe, ever scale the wall, nor enter the garden, otherwise, and so the Den, while it seemed as careless of intrusion as all-out-of-doors, was in reality inviolate. It was my happiness to be ushered at once into the Den and to be offered its freedom so long as I remained a guest at Naulakha.

"You must not mind me," said

he could write anywhere, at any time; that silence and solitude, and the fine frenzy were not necessary to him. I know he has written some of his ringing lyrics going at the rate of sixty miles an hour on the Limited Express.

Then why does he so carefully guard himself against intruders? Because intruders are not necessarily interesting; they are apt to be a distraction, if nothing worse; and they rob him of time that is very precious to him. Every little while he would take a turn in the garden; this rested him after a spurt; or, if his spirit flagged a little, he would talk for a while and always delightfully. He never wasted words; whatever he said was said with neatness and dispatch.

Why did the reading public get the impression that he was discourteous and even boorish, especially in the treatment of the interviewer? He did not need the assistance of any interview to make his work known to the world; he, personally, chose not to be known. He felt that if an Englishman's house is his castle, his American home should serve him in the same stead; and that he had the right to privacy even if he were a transient guest at some hotel in town or country.

Here is a brief chapter in the new *Calamities of Authors*: A blizzard was furiously raging in the Green Mountains. Naulakha was snow-bound; no one thought of ploughing through the mile-long drifts that lay between Kipling and Brattleboro. No one? Yes, someone, just one only, did, and that one a woman. At the height of the storm there was a cry for help at the door of Naulakha. A half-frozen woman, young if not beautiful, was dug out of the buffalo robes in the depths of a livery sleigh and placed within a safe distance of the great fireplace in the living-room. Restoratives were applied; the reviving cup of tea thawed the tears upon her icy cheeks. Icy cheek? I should say so! The Lady of Naulakha was filled with pity, anxiety and surprise. To her questions the stranger answered:—"I have come to interview Rudyard Kipling!"

Then followed the following:—

"But you cannot interview Mr. Kipling."

"I must interview him. I have been sent all the way from New York to interview him for 'The Largest Circulation'; I insist upon interviewing him."

"It is quite impossible. He is engaged upon an important piece of work and shall not be interrupted."

"But I have come all the way from Brattleboro through this awful storm, and I insist upon seeing him."

"If you had telephoned me from Brat-

tleboro, I might have spared you the journey."

"I cannot leave without seeing him!"

Mrs. Kipling touches the button. Enter butler. Mrs. K. to butler—"Johnson, see that this lady's conveyance is at the door at once. Permit me, madam, to escort you to the waiting-room. I am sorry you have had your trouble in vain. Good-day!"

There was no alternative; the journalist departed speechless with rage. In due season a full-page interview with Rudyard Kipling appeared in the *Daily* represented by the unwelcome visitor, and in it R. K. was made to say everything utterable or unutterable that was calculated to put him in the most unfavorable light before the public. I suppose the moral is that one should welcome one's interviewer with open arms and fill her with milk and honey. Surely this little note could not have been written by a man who is as brusque and bitter as Kipling has by some been thought to be:

Now I've been wondering where that telegram of mine went to. Your note caught me in the midst of a mid-Summer's whirl and I wired you at a venture to catch you on the hop. "What did an acre of maniacs matter?" [I feared to find him in a crowd at a watering place and abandoned my visit to him.] I am grieved that you came not. Anyhow we could have shunted the bores into a cranberry bog while we confabulated. Your complete, not to say careful, silence heretofore persuaded me that you must have taken a trip to Mars or the moon. Now I rejoice to know you are within hail and trust we see each other in New York sometime before Spring. I think of going there and you may recollect an engagement, too.

The Papers—I'm grateful to 'em—lied about my wife and her accident. It might have been a bad smash, but as it was, nothing happened beyond a mental disturbance—quite bad enough without desperate cables from Europe and consequent explanations. I'm very busy and this must be my excuse for a scratchy note; but, ere I send, get, steal if need-

ful, Lafcadio Hearn's "Unfamiliar Japan." It's all you feel about the South Seas, but large.

One day when we were talking, Kipling suddenly said to me: "Why don't you write a novel?"

"I have written one," replied I.

"By Jove! I'd like to see it."

"You can if you wish to."

"When?"

"Now!"

"Where is it?"

the first word of it on paper. When I at last began it, one Summer at York Harbor during the long vacation, it reeled itself off without effort and the writing of it was a joy. Once finished, I sealed my manuscript without rereading it, resolved that I would forget it for a year. At the end of the year I read a page or two with no visible emotion; sealed it again and returned it to the safety vault for another year of solitary confinement. When it was two



KIPLING'S BOOKPLATE, DESIGNED BY HIS FATHER

"Upstairs in my room."

"Bring it to me at once!"

I brought it. He opened it upon the desk before him and dipped into it here and there. We sat for some time in silence; he reading and occasionally grunting a little grunt; I, with my heart in my throat, waiting for the verdict. The longer I waited the less hope I had that he might find something in my manuscript worth commending. The story was a story that lay hatching in my brain for twenty years before I put

years old I had it typewritten and was utterly at a loss as to its worth or unworth. I was on my way to California for the Summer, revisiting the old home after an absence of a dozen years. I resolved to take the story with me and submit it to the judgment of critical friends. On my way to the Pacific coast I swung off the track in order to visit Kipling at Naulakha, and that is why I was able to produce the manuscript on the instant.

I broke the anxious silence by saying:



"I am sure you see nothing in it."

Still turning the leaves, he said:

"My dear fellow, I can't tell you how much I see in it; but—" I had symptoms of heart failure—"it should be written all over again."

The Amateur Novelist is perhaps unduly sensitive. I know that at that moment I felt that if the thing must be rewritten, it was perhaps not worth rewriting; and that in any case I could not possibly rewrite it. I said as much and was laughed at; and then he gave me much judicious criticism, all of which I deeply appreciated, and made suggestions that were enlightening and which kindled a spark of hope within me. For my title, which now strikes me as having been quite idiotic, to wit, "So Pleased to Have Met You," he substituted "For the Pleasure of His Company." My alleged hero's name, Paul Westoner, he objected to, and suggested another, which I gladly accepted. His local habitation, Galesborough, indicative of the climatic activity of San Francisco, was pronounced unfit, and for a sub-title Mr. Kipling proposed "An Affair of the Misty City." So the title page is his, and I am very grateful to him for it. I speak of this here because he did not lose interest in the story after I had taken it away with me; but wrote me so freely and fairly and so wisely that I wish to quote from these letters—they being, it seems to me, a kind of school-for-novelists, and throwing much light upon his interesting method of work.

I had returned from California to my Bungalow in Washington, D. C., and announced the fact to my friend. Busy as he was, he yet took time to write me often and such letters as anyone might be proud and happy to receive. Do they not show a vital interest in my poor efforts?

All right. The trip to California gave you just the shake-up you needed and it would be absurd to expect a man to take

in and give out at the same time. Now, *ere the stimulus dies out*, get you to work quietly on that novel. I've paved the way in London and my agent has been writing to me to know about it, and I've told two or three men who are not likely to forget, I think, that there is a book called "For the Pleasure of His Company" somewhere in the background. I haven't lost my faith in you, for you are only as I am, damned lazy, and I propose to stir you up with a stick from time to time. This is the first warning. Send it along to me *chapter by chapter* and I will pour on your head such insults and outrages as shall make you work ferociously. Remember you've got to do it because you can do it splendidly. Wherefore lament not about coming to naught, but "preserve a cheerful countenance and a good exertion." Let's have the first chapter, typewritten, in one month please.

It was very slow work, for me, undoing in cold blood what I had done in a rush of enthusiasm. I found that my story, what there was of it was like a braid of three strands; I unbraided it and made each strand comparatively independent of the other, like a separate book; in each book the same story was told, but from a different point of view.

I was writing him with violet ink and in a rather blind hand, so I have been told. He says:

Do not waste time in analine hieroglyphics, but send along the first chapter and we'll get to business.

There is nothing wrong with Paul Westoner, (my hero's original name), but on the other hand there is nothing catching about it. Here are a few names that may come in handy sometime when you are naming characters. (Twenty names, all uncommon.) All these are fairly good; they are all at your service.

I don't like "So Pleased to Have Met You" for the title of a whole novel. It's too long; but it would do exceedingly well for a chapter heading; why not use it for that and stick—as far as the name of the novel goes—to "For the Pleasure of His Company." R. K.

He suggested a new conclusion to

my tale—a conclusion with a yacht in it. Here are some data he forwarded to aid me:—

FOR THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY. Knock out second chapter and scatter contents broadcast. Change Galesborough to the "The Misty City,"

good name for yacht. This is especially important. Yacht names—Amity, Pathfinder, St. Agnes—late Ventnor. Names for characters—Julian, Gratton, Otis, Wardlow, Arthur, Braye, Lambert, Pycroft, Gregory R. Clitheroe. Big 500-ton ocean going, screw, triple expansion engines, with complete installation elec-

*For the Pleasure of your Company  
Knock out II Chap. & scatter contents  
broadcast. Change Galesborough to "The  
Misty City" and Flaneur to something  
decent: also revise names carefully  
so as to believe in names' reality.  
Do not if possible create a complete  
new set of characters to fill yacht  
in last chapter but gather in people  
mentioned incidentally along the book.  
Then the reader has not to then meet  
new people late in the day. Get  
good name for yacht. This is the really  
important*

<u>names.</u>	<u>Yacht's name</u>
Julian Gratton	Amity
Otis Wardlow	Pathfinder
Arthur Braye	St. Agnes
Lambert Pycroft	
Gregory R. Clitheroe	

*Big 500. ton ocean going. Screw. high  
screw engines with complete installation  
electric and lights. mahogany deck house &  
varnished masts, three masts.*

KIPLING'S SUGGESTION FOR THE REMODELING OF STODDARD'S NOVEL,  
"FOR THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY"

and Flaneur to something decent. Also revise names carefully so as to believe in names' reality. Do not, if possible, create a complete new set of characters to fill yacht in last chapter, but gather in people mentioned incidentally all along the book; thus the reader has not to meet new people late in the day. Get

tric lights, mahogany deck house, varnished deck, three masts.

Somewhat later he was to visit England and wrote me thus:

Now let us talk Biz. I go across (the sea) I believe, for four or five weeks in

July, returning at the end of August. Towards the end of September I expect you to ascend these hills joyously with "For the Pleasure of His Company," well and truly type-written, under your left arm. I hope and believe all good things will ensue in due course, but buckle thee down to the tale in the place where it was conceived and be of great good courage; for, as I have said, there is meat and marrow in the yarn.

Probably I should have accomplished nothing without the stimulus of his breezy letters; they filled my sails every time and I took a fresh start, full of new hope and courage.

I was puzzled upon some point and appealed to him. He hastened to reply:

Your note just in. No, go straight ahead and put in the last chapter and send it along. I think the best title is "For the Pleasure of His Company;" and below, as sub-title, "An Affair of the Misty City." When I get the last chapter and your assurance that you don't want the stuff back to touch up again, I'll see if I can put the machinery in motion. But hurry with the last chapter. R. K.

When my new version of the story was completed I sent it to Mr. Kipling and awaited his criticism with what patience I could. I feared the manuscript had gone astray, for I heard nothing from him until this arrived:—

Forgive my inexcusable delay in acknowledging your favor, but the Lord sent me a little daughter last Monday and since then things have been somewhat upside down here. As soon as I get settled I'll give you my noble verdict. Glad to hear you like your bungalow. R. K.

Later came the following:

We've been down to Lakewood and the wife hasn't been well and I've been joggling at the tail end of a yarn to be illustrated. In addition I've been reading your tale many times—about thirty. It's rummy, queer, original, fascinating; and in places damn badly written, but I think something ought to come of it. Now are you willing I should send it over the water to be sold to publishers?

If so, kindly let me know if you want the book back for one last polish, title, etc., and what you would take in the way of terms. I can't tell you how attractive the wild thing is. R. K.

Sometime afterward he wrote me thus:

There is no accounting for publishers. One firm I've tried the tale on kick because the thing lacks form and cohesion. That is a matter which, it seems to me, you could easily give it. Now if I send the typed copy back so soon as it returns won't you go over it again and whack it into more connected shape for the base needs of the market? I haven't tried it in England yet, but this experiment in the American market shows us, I think, what buyers want.

Don't you be in any way discouraged. It's merely a question of making the thing more of a story with less description, and that you ought to be able to do in a month. It may put the check on, but it will be, I think, only a temporary one and we must have horses shot under us if we expect to go anywhere.

Doubtless I felt disheartened and showed it in my letter to him. He replied:—

Your last letter was a sad one—and truly I am nearly as sad as you are; but I beg you to reconsider your first decision about throwing up the sponge, and tackle the job anew. The man who wrote "South Sea Idyls" could write nearly anything he put his mind to. Take a big pull on yourself and solemnly walk through the novel anew. There's heaps and heaps in it, as I have always maintained: the only thing needed is to throw it into somewhat closer-knit shape. R. K.

That I never did. I felt that I could not do it. The book was a part of myself, my very being, and, as I cannot alter myself, I could not alter the book. He had done what he could for it and for me; doubtless he believed in me, and hoped that I might better the book and make a success of it. I laid it aside and endeavored to forget it, but it would not go out of my mind; there is so much of me in it that I felt

obsessed so long as it lay unpublished.

To save myself, to have the path cleared before me so that I might be free to do something else, I gave it to Robertson of San Francisco, and he brought it out in a pretty volume that excited some diversity of opinion among the critics, and this is perhaps the pleasantest and most profitable fate that can befall an author.

Before we met I wrote and asked Kipling if he had a copy of "South Sea Idyls," and, if not, might I have the pleasure of sending him one. He replied:—

I've heard and seen much of "South Sea Idyls" and a copy from the author is a gift indeed. This summer I missed—for the second time—taking a trip through that fairyland. Now I'll be dependent on your eyes and will probably have a better time than if I'd plowed the South Pacific in a schooner to Apia.

I was glad of the privilege of sending him the "Idyls," and waited rather anxiously to hear if they had succeeded in interesting one to whom the world is his oyster. The answer came:—

Your book has come, been read and read aloud. I don't think it was quite kind of you to send it. I'm settled down for a New England winter in a gray land, among an austere people, two hundred miles away from the blue water, and

*Here you come with your old music* and give me as bad an attack of *go-fever* as I've had for a long time past. The mischief of it is that this time last year I was wandering around Auckland way and missed my steamer to those Islands of the Blessed. I had got over the disappointment but you've stirred me up again. It's too bad. You should keep your Orient liquor for sober-headed folk instead of making a poor fellow who has "drunk delight of travel" to the lees hanker after fresh draughts.

Go to! Your book is highly improper, and I doubt not immoral.

What has the Hula-hula—or the John Kino, for the matter of that—to do with New England? There are no such things as cocoa-nut palms in the world,

and the *lomi-lomi*—which we call *molish* in India—is a pure invention. A land where people do nothing, if such a land there be, is clearly a wicked land, and it is sinful beyond telling that a man should wear no clothes. Therefore you will see it follows that the South Seas never existed; and if they did, or do exist, I for one daren't believe in them just now. You have broken the peace of an ordered household and set two folks who are gypsies by birth or inheritance longing to take ship again and GET OUT.

In return please to accept as an example my sober and continent verses ["Barrack Room Ballads"] which have nothing to do with roving and roystering or racketing on far-away beaches.

Yours hungrily, admiringly and upsettedly,  
RUDYARD KIPLING.

It is thus the fond author casts his bread, even though it be but a crust, upon the waters, and it sometimes returns to him not water-logged, but spread thick with honey.

In the book of "Barrack Room Ballads" he sent me I find these lines quoted upon the title-page:—

"I ploughed the land with Horses  
But my Heart was ill at ease  
For the old sea-faring men  
Came to me now and then  
With their Sagas of the Seas."

That Kipling dearly loved Naulakha goes without saying. It was a house builded to his taste and planted upon a height of his own choosing. Together we climbed the wooded slopes about the place—he and she and I, and sometimes the delightfully old-fashioned little daughter, his eldest, who died unknown to him while he, himself, lay at death's door and all the world was hoping and praying for his recovery; we lay among the tall grass and talked and dreamed and schemed, with that glorious Summer sky above us and the

"Sunshine on the hills asleep."

I was piloted through the house by host and hostess, and perhaps the happiest hour of all was that we passed in

quite the most delightful attic it was ever my privilege to explore. It was the whole top of the house, lit by sunny gable-windows, and had a certain gothic atmosphere that added a romantic charm. Many odds and ends were there, though the house was not an old one, but the object that first caught my eye and caused me to return to it again and again, as if the spell of its fascination were not to be resisted, was an old desk, black with age and no doubt rheumatic in every joint. Its lid was a solid panel but curved in the fashion of a roll-top desk. Across the length of it, cut deep in large letters such as school-boys love to carve, was this legend:

OFT WAS I WEARY WHEN I TOILED  
AT THEE

So sang the galley-slave in a faultless verse; and so, in the hour of triumph, Rudyard Kipling graved upon the cover of the desk at which he won his fame.

He went to London a stranger from India; alone, unknown, discouraged, miserably ill; it was the brother of his bride-to-be who found and nourished his fainting spirit. Perhaps there never was a more beautiful fellowship than theirs, or a sadder one, for young Wolcott Ballestier, Jr., who wrote with him that admirable picture of life in the far East and far West, "Naulakha," died all too soon.

It was with real regret that I turned away from that Bungalow—it is built on the East Indian plan—and the Bungalow life we led there together for a few days. They said to me when I arrived, "You are not to dress for dinner—unless you prefer to. You must not mind if we do; we have to in order to retain the respect of our British-bred servants." And then Kipling, under his breath, "I wish I needn't!"

They went abroad presently; they were always going or coming, having, as he said, "the go-fever." Bye and bye came a letter from England, the last I shall take the liberty of quoting.

Is it not the letter of one in perfect health and spirits and whose heart is in the right place?

ARUNDEL HOUSE,  
TISBURY,  
WILTS, ENGLAND.

I rejoice to see your hand-writing again, but the company that have defaced and defiled the make-up of your book ["Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes"] should be killed by slow fires and fish-bones and things. Knowing what manner of stuff would be inside it the flagrant covers made me very wroth. I have stripped off the hide and am sending the carcass in to a man I know on the P. M. G. (Pall Mall Gazette) to see if he doesn't like it too. Yes, it's a very tropic of colour and fragrance. Much do I wish, too, that you were here. Our wet and slobbering spring has suddenly taken a brace and the last three whole days have been really warm—even hot in places; with a faint blue-gray sky and the hay smelling like all England since the Conquest. My stays in England had been so short that I find I know very little of my own country outside London, and it's very amusing to go about.

We had an excursion the other day as wild as anything in a dream. Went down seaward through a flat and fatted country and suddenly found ourselves in the middle of Macbeth's blasted heath, half heather, half burned grass, with a low mist rolling in from the sea and an enchanted castle bobbing in and out of the haze and, somewhere out to the seaward, H. M. S. *Thunderer*, creeping to and fro and firing titanic guns.

England's a fine land, if she would only stop raining thrice a week. The wet and the damp make me want to be back in Vermont. When shall we see you in that place?

Alas! Never again, for it has passed into other hands.



# A COMEDY OF MASKS

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

Author of "The Law of Life" and "The Port of Storms"  
NEW YORK CITY

(Publication of this story was begun in January)

## X

**D**URING these days Sir Henry was facing a fact which every hour of his association with Justin now seemed to make clearer. As one theory after another was ruled out, he knew at last that his friend was not only his rival, but his preferred rival. The inexplicable element remained the engagement of Margaret.

Yet even this might be understood by the light of certain supposition; Justin might be bound to the girl by some tie of honor which for him took the place of affection or interest. The very fact that he had once been engaged to her might have weight with his scrupulous nature, even though no love existed between them. This being the case, the only hope for Diana was the breaking down of a tie of honor—and to that he knew that neither she nor Justin would consent.

Sir Henry was not as a rule suspicious of others, being of too generous a nature himself to imagine meanness, but the fact was slowly penetrating his consciousness that Margaret's flirtation with the banker on shipboard was the result of something more than carelessness in the distributing of emotional favors—was a proof, indeed, that she was playing a double game for interests of her own.

The exposure of the game of a shifty woman was beneath a man's dignity, unless, indeed, the happiness of others could be thereby assured. Sir Henry made up his mind that he would not hesitate to expose Margaret's double-dealing, if he were quite sure of Justin's devotion to Diana, but he must first be quite sure.

He set small, uncomplicated Anglican traps for his friend, the best he could do, being, with all his scholarship, not over-keen or quick—at least not keen and quick in the American way; but Justin would not, or rather did not, walk into them. Neither by word nor look did he betray himself, going on grimly with whatever work or play was in hand, and answering no questions, spoken or unspoken.

The two men spent as much time out of doors together as Justin could spare from his work. Sir Henry was an enthusiastic golf player, a good shot, a patient fisherman and a fine sailor, but, as his companion loved the water, their chief amusement was maneuvering in the Narrows and in the lower bay with a sailboat of saucy dimensions and erratic disposition which bore the not inappropriate name of "The White Devil." This boat had been the terror of Margaret in the early days of her engagement, when she regarded it as a rival, who, with the aid of a wandering squall, might at any moment destroy her chances of an establishment, by tipping Justin into the bay after quite devilishly entangling him beyond rescue in the rigging.

The White Devil had done missionary work since its owner's return, by carrying him time and again, his depression, his revolt, his melancholy, his bitter anger against himself and life, far out toward the great blue ocean, and bringing back a lighter cargo—the peace which sky and sea inevitably give. But in performing the first part of this office, the White Devil often thrilled to the nervous, reckless movements of her guide. Justin's audacity, born of suffering, added to the boat's own capricious nature, gave to these trips an element

of danger which sometimes interfered with Sir Henry's enjoyment, for he was too true a sportsman to take unnecessary risks. But he said nothing, only wondering how long the gods would ignore the challenge, and he resolved that when that time-limit was expired, he would be there also to receive his share of celestial attention. By no contriving could Justin go on these remedial trips alone. The saucy lady bore two to the sea, though apparently with every intention of getting rid of both.

On a warm afternoon in October, when the heavy haze over the horizon held thunder, they took the White Devil at her wharf on the East river and made as usual, though slowly, for there was little wind, for the lower bay. Sir Henry observing his companion closely saw that the black mood was on him; expressed, indeed, only in his impatient management of the boat, but still a cargo not to be lost, until the great sea beckoned.

The baronet smoked and steered in perfect silence, now and again turning his head to look at the receding skyscrapers, a vast, picturesque pile of buildings dreamlike in the October haze.

Soon the Statue was behind them, and out of the mist, Staten Island emerged, with its copper tints of Autumn and its low, rolling hills.

Justin was managing the sail cleverly, making every inch of canvas tell; and they went on peacefully enough, down the Narrows and toward the lower bay.

But the water was too smooth, the speed too slow and even, for Justin's impatience, and he saw with rejoicing the sun go under and into a bank of thunder cloud which threatened to bring both wind and rain.

"Shall we turn back?" said Sir Henry, but his tone was indifferent.

"When the fun's just beginning! Not a bit of it. We'll go down to the bay like greased lightning, if the wind ever gets out of that cloud."

The baronet smiled, as he flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"I wouldn't give the White Devil a chance to prove her name if I were you: she's the trickiest boat I ever sailed in; all speed and caprice. She'll be your undoing some day."

"Death by drowning is a simple way out."

"Death solves no problems," said Sir Henry. "You're too brave to be reckless; take a reef in that sail."

"Time enough yet," Justin said, glancing at the sky which was now almost entirely overcast, except for a narrow strip on the eastern horizon which let in a greenish glare of light, reflected on every sail on the dark waters. In this strange radiance which seemed that of some unnatural day, the objects on shore stood out with intense distinctness. Over everything was the hush that precedes the sweep of a great wind. Warm land odors mingled with the scent of the sea.

The green-black of the waters behind them was now flecked with white. The storm riding down from the Orange mountains was sweeping toward them with incredible rapidity. Boats were scampering in all directions to little harbors on the Long Island and Staten Island shores. Justin now began to take a reef in the sail.

"Make for shore," Sir Henry shouted.

"We'll ride out to sea on the blast—she won't touch water—she'll fly," Justin shouted back, a strange exultation in his manner.

"No, we'll not ride out to sea," cried Sir Henry, but his hand on the tiller was unavailing. The wind, catching the White Devil like a belated bird, seemed to lift her clear into the air—fly she did, almost a sentient thing in that whirl of wind and storm, as if the roar of the ocean called her.

They swept on, keeping somehow a direct course. Justin's face was white

against the green gloom lit from time to time with vivid flashes of lightning. Orders were shouted across the tumult, though they could do little now but pray that no cross wind would complicate a situation growing every minute more perilous. Justin was realizing that his selfish, devil-may-care mood had deliberately brought his friend into grave danger.

Exactly what did happen they were never able afterwards to tell; but there was a sudden rush and roar, a horrible lurch of the boat, and then they were both struggling in the water with the capsized White Devil dragging her sail thirty feet from them, and the distance growing every moment wider.

Sir Henry came first to the surface, and as Justin rose he saw that the young man was unconscious and bleeding from a cut on the forehead. In two or three strokes he reached him, and, putting an arm about him, struck out for the Long Island shore.

He was a strong swimmer, but the tide was going out, and wind and wave were against him.

Burdened as he was, his surest hope was their rescue by possible witnesses of the accident. To reach the boat, driving to sea as fast as the hurricane could send it, was out of the question.

His greatest difficulty was keeping the unconscious Justin's head above the sweeping, swirling water; but in the middle of the battle, the young man opened his eyes, saw the situation, and tried feebly to strike out for himself.

"Stop that!" Sir Henry yelled, "or I'll knock you senseless again. I can manage if you don't struggle."

"Let me drop. You can't make it with me."

The ruling passion was strong in Sir Henry, even in the face of death. Now or never, he could know the truth. He would give up his own life before deserting Justin, but by strategy he could obtain the vital knowledge.

"Dead or alive, you have the advantage of me," he shouted, "but if I have to make it alone, have you a message for Diana?"

"Hers in hell or heaven! Now drop me and strike out!"

Sir Henry's grasp on him tightened.

"Drop you! when you have answered me! I'll not drop you for death or hell."

Only the winds and waves heard the strongest language that the gentle baronet had ever used. Justin was again unconscious.

An hour later he was stretched upon a bed in a hotel on the Staten Island shore whither rescuers had taken him and Sir Henry, who was himself unconscious when pulled into the boat, but whose grip on Justin had never loosened. He was the first to revive, and aided in applying remedies to his friend. These for some time seemed fruitless, but at last Justin opened his eyes.

"Is Diana safe?" he asked in the voice of a dreamer.

"Quite safe," Sir Henry said, bending over him.

On the evening of the next day the two men were seated in the library of Justin's suite of rooms. They had dined at a neighboring cafe and were now back for a quiet smoke together. Night had come on with a chilly rain, which made the wood-fire on the hearth comforting and cheerful.

For a while they sat in silence, each absorbed in his thoughts. Sir Henry's were of Diana, and of a message which he had received from her that morning: only the words "I thank you," but they were the last confirmation of his hopelessness, and of another's beatitude. To be loved by her, even though forever separated from her, was a great destiny.

That Justin's thoughts were also of her he knew. The time appeared ripe for the explanation, which he would demand as his only reward for his ser-

vice of yesterday. What that service meant to Justin he could read in his friend's face turned continually to him in an ardor of unspoken gratitude. They who really love have little wish to die, though they may seek to heal their wounds by coquetries with death.

Sir Henry broke the silence.

"If you had been drowned yesterday, and I saved, I should have taken a message to Miss Mainwaring."

Justin put his hand to the cut on his forehead. It was a gesture he had frequently repeated since the accident, as if the whole event, being dream-like to him, he wished to prove its reality.

"That is not a possible supposition. If I had been drowned you would have been drowned, too. My arm and shoulder are black from your grip."

"We will suppose it, nevertheless; why could you not long ago have let me know in some way what it took an event like yesterday's to divulge."

"What would have been the use, Sir Henry? I am only a discarded suitor: and—and I have other reasons for not entering into rivalry with you."

"These are?"

"One includes all others. I am engaged to Margaret Bentley."

"In heaven's name, why!"

"Why is a man usually engaged to a woman?" Justin said wearily.

"Pardon me if I say your implication contains a falsehood. Whatever your motives the chief and usual one does not exist."

Justin smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"The chief motive may be absent, the fact remains."

"Of your engagement? Why will you ruin two lives?"

"My own counts little. As for Miss Bentley, I think I can say, at least, that she will not be miserable through me."

"I was not speaking of Miss Bentley."

"Of whom then?"

"Of Diana Mainwaring."

"What right have you to suppose that Miss Mainwaring is in any way affected by my engagement to Miss Bentley?"

"I believe that she loves you."

Justin smiled.

"It is a wonderful theory: one to make a man quite delirious with joy, should he dwell on it; but even supposing it true, by some wild freak of the imagination, what would be the difference? I am, in honor, bound to Miss Bentley. On the ground of honor, nothing further need be said to you, Sir Henry."

The baronet was silent.

"As for Miss Mainwaring: she, herself, dismissed me long ago."

"But the message you sent."

"The message stands."

Sir Henry made no further comment. The task before him seemed hopeless, but he had resolved to apply the last theory left to him.

Why he should wish to apply it he did not himself wholly understand. The jealousy that haunted his heart was constantly at war with his nobler love of Diana, leading him to desire above everything her happiness. One of his boyish ideals had been that love implies obligation—the obligation of increasing service so long as that service can aid the person loved. The ideal conceived over an old volume of "Morte D'Arthur," born in a dream-hour on some golden afternoon, like a flower that opens to soft winds: this ideal was come back, as is the nature of ideals—stern judges of the parent soul—to demand its life and its fulfillment through pain and sacrifice. Sir Henry had been trained to translate emotion into principle and principle into action. He accepted now the full responsibility of his training.



Margaret and Hartley had been for a walk together—an unusual event made possible by Mrs. Craig's absence for the

day. In honor of it she wore the great diamond, which was exercising a power over her that threatened the existence even of her secret scheming for Justin's discomfiture; a power reinforced by Hartley's growing impatience.

"I have never been loved like this," she said to him, as they came back from the gardens, and she spoke truthfully. Justin's wooing had been more of pity than of ardor, though at the time he was not conscious that the coin he proffered was counterfeit.

"Ah, but you don't allow me to show all I feel," the little banker replied in a patient yet pleading voice. "I want to show not only you, but the world what I feel for you, Margaret."

She nodded approbation.

"You've been very good to protect me by this waiting. I really think you are a very self-sacrificing man, Philip. It means much to me, after being bound to a totally selfish one."

"Morris and Sir Henry had a narrow escape the other day."

"Yes, I read about it," Margaret said indifferently.

"I wonder why Sir Henry stays on?"

"He means to marry Miss Mainwaring, I suppose."

"Well, I wish him joy of her," the banker replied, gazing with admiration at Margaret. "I would as soon marry a witch."

"The witch is turned saint," she said with a sneer. "But I guess it won't last."

"She'd flirt with the sisters, rather than not flirt at all,—or with the Bishop."

"How could any woman care for him!" Margaret exclaimed.

"The Bishop's a good man; a very good man," Hartley said, "but I think she draws the wool over his eyes, too."

"Thank heaven our eyesight is clear—you're not going," she added, as the banker pulled out his watch.

"I'll have to start, my dearest, if I

want to catch the 4:30. Now give me a good kiss—you aren't letting me go without a kiss?"

"O, you dear old tyrant—there! Does that satisfy you? Write tonight, won't you?"

"Do you really love me, little girl?"

"Love you!" Margaret sighed and gazed down at her diamond.

"You shall have a peck of those—if you like 'em. Look at me, dear. That's a good girl. Now kiss me again."

In another moment he was gone, his little fat legs carrying him off with incredible rapidity, as a baby's do. At the entrance of the gate he met the Bishop, evidently just coming from the train. The two shook hands cordially, though Hartley's manner was embarrassed.

"You have just left Mrs. Craig, I suppose," said the Bishop. "She's not expecting me. I ran out on a little matter of business."

"Mrs. Craig is—ah—Mrs. Craig seems not to be at home. I also came out unexpectedly on a—a little matter of business. Better turn back with me, Bishop."

"No, I think I'll wait for her. She will probably return for dinner. Miss Margaret is at home?"

The banker turned a fiery red.

"Yes—I believe she is—that is, I saw her a moment."

"Thank you; you'll have to hurry if it's the 4:30," the Bishop interrupted with a smile.

The banker, with a sigh of relief, started off; the Bishop entered the gardens, but did not walk toward the house. He had no desire to draw forth Margaret's somewhat prim and nervous expressions of hospitality.

He paced the flower-bordered paths, his head bowed in thought. That Hartley had come out purposely to see Margaret in the absence of Mrs. Craig, he had not the slightest doubt, nor had the girl's double game ever deceived him.



His only problem was how to bring her to acknowledge her engagement with the banker. The Bishop rarely interfered with the course of events, so implicit was his belief in the ultimate triumph of the good. Though understanding the situation almost from the first, he had quietly waited for the tangle to unsnarl itself, but now the time seemed ripe for the finger touch. He was determined that he would force Margaret to acknowledge her engagement before many days. Two lives should not be ruined because of the caprice of a jealous and revengeful woman. The Bishop, as a shepherd of souls, always rejoiced in the mating of those whose union promised to be another bulwark in that urbs beata toward the building of which so many generations had contributed of their highest wisdom, their fairest love. Such acceptable spirits as Diana's and Justin's: acceptable through what they aspired to be, rather than what they were, must not be deprived of their heritage of service. Married lovers were the very salt of society. To bring these two together was a duty.

The Bishop mused and planned, but discarded device after device as unsuitable. His wandering through the garden brought him at last to that portion of it where Hartley had parted from Margaret. The girl was seated on a stone bench, with her back to the Bishop, in an attitude of deep thought.

The October wind was chill, but she was evidently more concerned with the bright sunshine, for as he stood looking at her, and wondering if he should address her, she raised her left hand, turning it from side to side that she might watch the flashes of a superb diamond. Even at the distance he was from her, the Bishop could see that the stone was of unusual size and quality; her very back was entranced.

The sight of the great diamond at once presented a solution. The Bishop turned quickly and quietly away, the

corners of his mouth twitching.

He had not gone very far when he met Sir Henry Marchmont; the baronet had just come over from the station.

"Mrs. Craig is missing all her friends today," the Bishop said, as he extended his hand. "Mr. Hartley left not a half hour ago. Why didn't you telephone for the cart?"

"I preferred to walk over," Sir Henry said. There was a solemnity in his manner which indicated that he was come on an errand of importance.

"I wanted to see Mrs. Craig very much, but I am delighted to find you here, Bishop. What I am come for, indeed, is perhaps better submitted to you, a priest, than to any other person."

The Bishop looked at him with friendly, inquiring eyes, but made no comment.

"I have rarely, I may say never, meddled with the private affairs of others, knowing how I would myself resent interference; but sometimes peculiar and extraordinary circumstances alter cases. I wish to speak to you of the engagement between Justin Morris and Miss Bentley."

The Bishop nodded assent, but still said nothing.

"My own suit is hopeless," Sir Henry said in a low voice, "but I have—I have Miss Mainwaring's happiness at heart. I believe, in fact I have almost certain knowledge, that she and Mr. Morris are deeply attached to each other—that they would marry were he free. An inexplicable engagement exists between him and Miss Bentley. Can you give me an explanation of it? Can you tell me if it is an irrevocable bond?"

"Come and sit down," said the Bishop, leading the way to a sheltered bench. "The bond is irrevocable, of course, so far as anything Justin Morris would do. Miss Bentley might be prevailed upon to break it,"—again his lips

twitched—"if a strong enough inducement were offered her."

"Ah, but what inducement?"

"I would say any other suitor," said the Bishop, smiling.

For some moments Sir Henry was absorbed in his thoughts. The solemn look upon his face deepened.

"Bishop, I wish to make a revelation which may aid matters—to make it under the seal of your office, so to speak. On shipboard, one night, I stumbled across Mr. Hartley and Miss Bentley. They were—well, in a few words, they were embracing."

"You amaze me!" said the Bishop, but his eyes twinkled.

"The matter may have had no significance beyond a shipboard flirtation. On the other hand if we are looking for a suitor—"

The Bishop laughed.

"We have one at hand? Pardon me, Sir Henry, for my apparent levity and believe me that I appreciate your interest in a situation which long ago seemed to me an impossible one."

"I thought that so keen a man as yourself had probably not been unobservant of this curious complication. I felt in duty bound, therefore, to tell you of an incident which might be of use in straightening matters out."

"I appreciate your confidence, Sir Henry. May I give you in return a partial one? I have this afternoon stumbled upon some knowledge which I may be able to bring soon to the light. In that case the happiness of the two in whom we are most interested would, in all probability, be assured."

A look of pain came into Sir Henry's face; he turned his head away. His deep blue eyes gazed far beyond the scene before him.

"May I also express my appreciation," the Bishop said gently, "of this service you are rendering?"

"No service," the baronet interrupted curtly; "common humanity."

"Which is sometimes as uncommon as common sense. You saved Justin's life the other day. It would appear that you are saving it again."

"He is nothing to me," the baronet said shortly. "I mean in this relation—as a friend I admire him; but had I any chance, I would not spare him. It is for her."

The Bishop smiled.

"Your ancestors were at Arthur's court. Well! I will myself do all I can to insure her happiness. Will you aid me to this extent, that if Justin should be invited here soon you will urge him to come; will insist upon his coming?"

"I will do so."

"Thank you. I believe the matter will be concluded to the happiness of these two people; perhaps of two others."

"One woman doesn't deserve happiness, Bishop, if our theories are correct."

"Her happiness is, I think, in gems," the Bishop said musingly; "she doesn't deserve love, I admit, but we need not begrudge her a diamond. It is not a great destiny—the contemplation of a diamond."

He smiled again, and Sir Henry, heavy-hearted as he felt, answered the smile. Few could resist the Bishop's winning manner.

Sir Henry did not wait to see Mrs. Craig, seeming impatient to be gone, now that his errand was accomplished; so it came to pass that only herself and Margaret and the Bishop dined together. After the meal, Margaret, whose ring-finger was again bare, excused herself and went to her room to write letters.

Alone with his cousin in the library, the Bishop sat for a time reading. Mrs. Craig also read, but Diana's face came between her and the page. The memory of that last interview haunted her; mingled with the memory of another

conversation when she had been, as she realized now, unjust and harsh to the woman she loved above all the women she had ever known.

The Bishop put his book down at last. "Dear cousin, I have a favor to ask of you. I want you to do something for me."

Mrs. Craig's face lightened.

"How glad I am to hear you say that! You have asked so little of me these last months; making me feel my usefulness is over. I've been very jealous of your independence."

"Which existed only in your thought. You know how much I depend on your services."

"They're small enough. What is it you wish me to do? Is it the Girls' Friendly, or a missionary box, or a set of altar hangings, or a curate's new baby?"

"None of these things."

"What then?"

"I want you to give me a party."

"Give you a party!"

"Yes, a party," said the Bishop dreamily; "I am over fifty years of age, and no one ever gave me a party. My little sisters had one once, but I was spanked and put to bed for a premature consumption of cake. Now I wish you to give me one."

Mrs. Craig laughed.

"But what kind, your reverence? Curates or the curates' children—or fresh-air children, though it's late for them."

"Grown-ups," said the Bishop.

"What kind?"

"Your kind, the unlabelled kind—just nice people—your friends, you know." The Bishop nodded confidentially.

"Shall I enclose your card—say the party is for you?"

"No, you needn't say it's my party; but I haven't told you yet the particular sort of a party I want. It's to be a masked ball."

"Well, my dear, you are getting worldly!" Mrs. Craig exclaimed, not knowing if she could take him seriously:

"I have not exhausted this world, nor yet learned all my lessons from it. I want the guests to come in dominos and masks, or in fancy dress. I wish you to ask Justin and Sir Henry, and the Gaylords, and here are a few other names, mostly of the people in the neighborhood."

She took the list and glanced down at it.

"Why have you headed it with Mrs. Feverel?"

"I have a curiosity to see her jewels, and you have never had us here at the same time."

"What has gotten into you, Bishop?"

"A deep interest in masks," he answered, smiling; nor would he explain his intentions further.

Mrs. Craig wondered but obeyed. She had learned from long experience that even the Bishop's jests fitted in with his ample plans of life, his deep spiritual perspectives. To him no phase of man's existence was insignificant, trivial or hostile. Of his flock he demanded not their moments of religious emotion only, but the whole of their days grave or gay. That he should desire her to give a masked ball, whimsical as it seemed on the face of it, was the outcome, no doubt, of some reasonable design. She resolved that this party should be altogether a success. In compliment to him, its originator, she would tax all her resources of imagination to make of it, not a mere function in a conventional setting, but a beautiful spectacle, a fairy play. The great house and the lovely gardens, lovely even in late October, would be a picturesque background for a ball of masks.

Her invitations out, she devoted her days to plans of decoration, into which the elements of the unusual and the

bizarre entered largely. It was to be an evening of surprises; of bewitching music that might serve as an accompaniment to strange adventures; of misleading lights, intoxicating perfumes and harlequin colors skilfully blended.

Margaret entered with enthusiasm into these designs. Possessing a good deal of executive ability, her aid during these days of preparation was really valuable. She herself was to impersonate a morning-glory, and her delight over the pink silk ruffles of her full short skirt, over her high peaked hat and long, gold wand wound with pink ribbons was that of a child with new toys.

The Bishop came often these days; and though Margaret was unconscious of it, he watched her closely, as if waiting the psychological moment for the sowing of a certain seed.

Margaret, on her part, had never found him so entertaining. The conversation turned on gems one evening at dinner. He had spoken at length on the subject, exhibiting a knowledge of precious stones, their values, qualities and peculiar dispositions that caused the girl to open her eyes in wonder. He explained to her, also, their ecclesiastical significance and why certain stones could be set into sacred vessels and ornaments, while others were debarred.

The next night the subject was renewed.

"You say Mrs. Feverel has accepted your invitation, Ursula?" the Bishop asked. "I hope she will wear some of her famous jewels. You may have heard," he added, turning to Margaret, "that she possesses a diamond of unusual size and beauty."

Margaret straightened up and caught her breath, as if to smother an impulsive word that had leaped to her lips.

"I have always wondered," Mrs. Craig said, "why she does not wear it as a pendant. It would be in better taste."

"How does she wear it?" Margaret asked.

"On a ring. You will see it no doubt on the night of the ball. She saves it for big occasions, when its supremacy can be actually proved."

Margaret moved uneasily in her seat, then straightened up again with a curious air of impregnable pride.

The Bishop sipped his coffee and launched into a little history of the famous diamonds of the world.

Justin and Sir Henry sent acceptances. Justin wrote to Mrs. Craig to know if a simple domino and mask could be worn in lieu of fancy dress. Under the conventional wording of the note she divined his indifference to the affair; part and parcel, it seemed to her, of his indifference to Margaret, the fact of which had stared her in the face ever since their return home. Sub-consciously, she knew more concerning the situation than she would consciously admit to herself. Such a recognition would be futile, since nothing could be done, but she knew now that she was the victim of her own chess playing.

On the night before the ball the Bishop sent a note to Diana, asking her to be prepared for a possible call from him next evening, but saying nothing of its object.

Margaret dressed early, that she might take a final survey of the rooms before the guests began to arrive. Standing before her mirror, she felt a thrill of satisfaction. The gown was lovely, pink and soft, and beruffled enough to give her the look of a morning-glory, without the interpretation of the artificial wreath about her shoulders. But her cup of complacency was not quite full. To possess the biggest diamond, she was sure, of all the guests, yet to be forced to let another bear off that honor, was almost an eclipse of the joy of the evening.

Why not wear it just on this occasion; hidden behind her pink satin mask, her personality merged in a flower-like gown, in the antic humors of a night of unreality, of disguises and double roles, she could easily escape the charges which the wearing of such a ring would, on any ordinary occasion, bring upon her. She must compare it with Mrs. Feverel's, though the test was almost a questioning of the superlative nature of Hartley's love.

Since she had known that he was to appear as Sir Walter Raleigh, she was doubly grateful that the engagement was still secret. She had no wish to be made ridiculous. The vision of an Elizabethan ruff about the banker's fat neck made her hesitate now as to the wisdom of wearing his diamond.

But the thought of Mrs. Feverel's jewel decided the question. She took the ring from its case and slipped it on her slender finger.

An hour later, the great rooms presented a picture so bizarre, yet withal so beautiful, that the Bishop, looking on, could only parallel it by his memories of a long-ago carnival in Venice. Against a background of pale gold walls, richly relieved here and there by banks of crimson roses, the actors in this drama of an evening moved rhythmically to music now wild and haunting, now deliriously gay, now sweet as an old ballad. Outside, in the gardens, colored lights loomed like flowers, their soft radiance mingling with the light of a big, gold moon.

The Bishop soon discovered the tall figures of Sir Henry and Justin in the throng, conspicuous not only by their height, but because of their plain black dominos, the majority of the company being in fancy dress.

When he made sure that Justin was present, he looked around for Margaret, almost perfectly confident of what he would see on her finger.

When he discovered her, she was

standing near Mrs. Feverel, who, as an ice maiden, was glittering from head to foot with diamonds. On her finger she wore the most famous of her gems.

The Bishop came quietly up behind Margaret and looked over her shoulder. On the girl's hand shone the great diamond, which he had last seen catching the rays of the setting sun.

He did not hesitate an instant.

"My child," he said, "I wish to congratulate you on your engagement with Philip Hartley."

She wheeled around sharply, her eyes through her mask keen, piercing, hostile.

"I do not understand you, Bishop," she said in a voice which held all her latent antagonism to the churchman.

"Step into this conservatory a moment." His tone was commanding, and despite her reluctance she had to obey.

"Did you say you did not understand me?"

"Those were my words."

"I will make myself quite clear, then. You are to go at once to Mrs. Craig, and tell her of your engagement to Philip Hartley. If you do not go, I will."

His voice was firm and quiet.

"What right have you—" she began shrilly, but the Bishop's steady gaze was disconcerting.

"The right of my office to uncover a wrong, to remedy an injustice. You have for weeks been playing a double role. The diamond on your finger was scarcely needed as witness, though it makes assurance sure. The players will tonight unmask. When you take that bit of satin from your forehead, you must take also a lie from your soul."

"These are hard words," she said with a hysterical catch in her voice.

"You have been acting a lie for weeks, that you might ruin the happiness of two people. You have deceived a worthy man who sincerely loves you for an ignoble purpose of your own. I require you to end this deception to-



night. You will go at once to Mrs. Craig."

"I will not," she said stubbornly, her hatred in her eyes.

"Then I will go at once to Philip Hartley."

She grew pale beneath her mask, knowing that the Bishop would be as good as his word.

"You don't know my reasons for concealing this engagement," she said in a resentful voice, "and of course you take an uncharitable view of the matter. It is the prerogative of the clergy, I believe."

He smiled.

"I will conduct you to Mrs. Craig."

The girl was trembling with anger, but she followed him. If he should tell Hartley, the little man would surely require of her the diamond. Part with it she could not.

They found Mrs. Craig welcoming a few late guests. He led Margaret to her.

"Ursula, Miss Bentley has come to you to announce her engagement to Philip Hartley."

Mrs. Craig looked from one to the other in astonishment.

"Margaret, is this true?"

"It is true," the girl answered with stiff lips.

Before Mrs. Craig had time to speak, the Bishop interrupted. "Is the carriage at the door, Ursula?"

"Yes."

"Keep Justin."

He went down the staircase like a light-hearted boy, and out into the beautiful night.

On the way to the sisters' house, he gave himself up to strange musings, born of the fantastic and beautiful scene which he had just left. What was life itself but a masked ball?—mankind seeking to hide its divinity; to play a thousand minor parts, but going home at dawn to the great reality.

When Diana entered the carriage her face in the moonlight was pale and intense with an unspoken question, but she said no word.

As they drove along the Bishop asked her:

"Are you not curious? Do you wish to know where you are going?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You will take me where it is best for me to go."

"I am taking you to Mrs. Craig's. It is the night of her masked ball."

"I have no mask to wear," Diana said simply.

The Bishop understood the inner meaning of the words, but he pointed to a package.

"It contains a domino and mask. You will put them on for a little."

"Must I do this?" she said as a child might speak who wished not to fail in its obedience.

"Yes, for a little while," he answered gently. "Then you can be your real self."

She closed her eyes a moment and sighed.

"My real self! Bishop, can it ever be so in this world?"

"Sometimes heaven lets it be so; sometimes the gift of reality comes to us."

"To be taken away again," she said in a low voice.

"No, to keep forever."

She put a hand on his arm.

"Bishop, I am no longer very strong for suffering. Is it not best to turn back?"

"My child, you need have no fear. There are the distant lights already."

"Bishop, this may do harm to my calling, to my work. Are you sure we had better not go back?"

She spoke like one who dreads the next step lest it destroy a mirage of paradise.

"Trust me," he said.

"You would not have brought me to hurt me, would you?"

He turned away his head.

"Trust me," he said again.

And now the carriage had entered the gates. He saw that she was trembling violently. Taking the package, he undid it and shook out the folds of a domino and put a mask into her cold fingers.

"Put them on now. You are the last guest, and the most welcome."

He led her in by a side entrance, and through a corridor directly to the great ballroom and into the throng of masks, a slender, dark figure in that pageant of color.

"Wait here," he whispered, putting her into a palm-screened recess.

It was some moments before he could find Justin, but at last he recognized him where he stood apart, as withdrawn from the gaiety as a brother of the Misericordia. As he pressed forward to speak to him, a mask plucked him by the sleeve.

"Bishop, is it all right?"

He recognized Sir Henry.

"I have brought her here."

The mouth under the strip of black velvet tightened with pain.

"It will go well then?"

"I trust it will go well."

"I sail tomorrow. Give me your hand."

"We shall meet again."

"I hope so. It is goodbye now. I am leaving in a few moments."

"Before the unmasking?"

Sir Henry smiled.

"It is better for me to go masked."

He turned abruptly away. The Bishop went on to Justin, who greeted him with sincere warmth.

"Not masked, Bishop? Are you our conscience moving among us?"

"My mask is worn within, perhaps. Did you know," he added, "that the engagement is announced between Miss Bentley and Philip Hartley?"

Justin stared at him, his astonished catch of the breath the only comment

he was capable of making. Was the Bishop joking? Was this a part of the evening's comedy?

The Bishop went on quietly:

"But there is someone here whom you alone have the right to unmask. She wears a black domino, and in her hair is a little silver moon."

Justin paused an instant, the whiteness of his face turning to radiant joy; paused as if, though he understood, he was too dazed to act.

"She is waiting for you."

He took the Bishop's hand in a strong grasp. In another moment he was making his way through the throng, casting eager glances right and left.

The Bishop followed him; touched his shoulder.

"In the recess by the south entrance," he said, then turned away as one whose part is over.

Justin stood before her. The black cloak about her slender figure seemed to blend with the shadow in which she stood. Her eyes shone like stars through the mask; the mouth beneath the black velvet was sweet and tremulous.

"Diana!"

"Justin!"

"Come into the garden," he whispered. "No, this way is shorter—through this door."

As they stepped out upon a terrace flooded with moonlight, he removed his mask, then took her hand and led her down the steps into the flower-garden, into the shadow of the tall, clipped hedges; into the enchantment of the night.

He drew her into his arms, ecstatic with the beauty of the dream.

"Diana!—I have waited so long."

"It was long—long," she whispered.

"Do we live, Justin! Take the mask from my face."

"Give me your lips, beloved."

"Not until the mask is from my face."

With trembling fingers, he untied the little silk cord that held the mask. As he took it she raised her face to his, full of love. Her eyes worshipped him.

It was not until they returned to the ballroom that she said, looking upon the fantastic company as one in paradise might gaze at those outside the gates:

"The comedy of masks is over."

"Sweet, it is over."

"But a greater one has begun—the divine comedy!"

"Of love."

"Of our love."

"And it will not end."

"No, it cannot end," she said, her voice seeming to blend with the music, "for the stage is set for an immortal play, and all the lovers of the world look on—and we—!"

"And we—"

✱ THE END ✱

## THE BLUEBIRD

By HENRY L. KINER

GENESEO, ILLINOIS

**F**EATHERED flake of heaven's blue,  
Blossomed song of dawning Springs,  
Bearing violets on your back  
And the sky upon your wings:

Iridescent sprite, you stole  
Sapphires from my darling's eye;  
Needn't say "Pe-wippy chip,  
Got 'em rubbing 'gainst the sky."

O, you azure bumblebee,  
How's the Daughter of the South?  
"Pe-wippy chip, she's bluebell eyes;  
Roses revel on her mouth."

O, you tiny turquoise tramp,  
Did she send one rose to me?  
"Pe-wippy, a winged violet  
She sent, and that is me."

This cerulean visitor  
Brings a heartache as he sings  
Of the violets on his breast  
And the sky upon his wings.

## Little Bob of the Stone Pile



BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

Author of "Wild Life Near Home," "Roof and Meadow," etc.

SOUTH HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS



LITTLE BOB

I SAW next to nothing of little Bob this Spring until June-bug time. Then one morning I came upon him in his old stone wall by the orchard with a little pile of June-

bug shells at his side. He had cleaned them out as he would have cleaned so many pig-nuts. Several times since the snow disappeared I had seen him dodging about the stones, but never before with leisure enough to sit up to a banquet of bugs.

A few mornings later and I understood why. The stone wall had suddenly become alive with squirrels, five of them, very young and very like little Bob, except as to tails. But Bob's stump tail, I am sure, was the result of an accident—a thrilling adventure with some cat or hawk, perhaps—and not a distinguishing family feature that could be passed on to his children, as we can pass on a stub nose, say. Bob, it seemed, had been busy of late, or in semi-retirement without the time or the desire for June-bugs and sunshine. But now he was back in society—on the top of the wall again.

Little Bob is a chipmunk, the most ordinary chipmunk in the world, except for this accidental tail, which in no wise marks him as extraordinary. But did I

not say that this stub tail meant a thrilling adventure? a hair-breadth escape? Perhaps. And did I not imply that a thousand chipmunks had fallen at Bob's side and ten thousand at his right hand, but through his superior wisdom and agility he had escaped with only this insignificant loss of his tail? No. I did not imply that.

Had I the fine delicacy for a successful interview with Robert's parents, or the deep insight, the supernatural gift to get at the facts from little Bob, himself, I might find that he was a wonder; and so I might be able to add another wild animal to our marvelous literary zoo, or Bestiary. But I don't know squirrel (I have a speaking acquaintance with the language, to be sure); and limited as I am in my investigations to the daylight, the opera glasses and the rather prosy spade, I have been balked at every turn in my effort to make of little Bob the interesting literary and nature-study freak that he really ought to be.

Instead, he is entirely commonplace, or better, perhaps, entirely normal, ordinary; just like the score of other chipmunks about the farm. He has always acted exactly like a chipmunk, and that is what makes him interesting. In telling me his story, he is telling me the story of all his race. Can I not find the watching of little Bob worth while unless I discover in him some extraordinary trait of the polar bear or of the

ostrich or some equally extraordinary trait that he has in common only with himself?

For instance, I came upon little Bob this Spring eating June-bugs. So far as my observations had gone this was something new, though I have no doubt but that just this observation has been recorded time and again. Now, did I discover a peculiar chipmunk with an abnormal insectivorous appetite, or simply come upon a chipmunk eating, at this season of the year, what chipmunks all over the farm were eating? Remembering what a pest the June-bugs are, is there any question, as a farmer, of what I hope this meant? or as a naturalist? It certainly makes the whole chipmunk family more interesting and of more economic value, perhaps, than we have heretofore thought it, to know that little Bob and the others devour June-bugs in any such quantities.

Little Bob's slab was covered with the hollow shells of the pestiferous beetles. I have some watching still to do when June-bug time comes round again, for I could not make out whether he had taken his prey alive or was eating the dead ones that were to be found here and there in the grass. If alive, then we would do well to take good care of our chipmunks.

A strong word needs to be said for the chipmunks, anyhow. In a recent magazine of very wide circulation, the family was roundly rated and condemned to annihilation for its wicked taste for bird's eggs and young birds. There were numerous photographs of the red squirrel showing him with eggs in his mouth. There were no such proofs of chipmunk's guilt, though he was counted equally bad and will doubtless suffer with chickaree the same fate by all who took the article seriously.

I believe that is a great mistake. Little Bob is not an inveterate sucker, else I should have found it out. Because I have never caught him at it

does not mean that no one else ever has. It does mean, however, that if Bob robs at all he does it so seldom that we need not be alarmed nor call for his destruction.

There is scarcely a day in the nesting season that I do not see little Bob, yet I never noticed him even suspiciously near a bird's nest. In an apple tree, hardly six jumps from his stone pile, a brood of white-bellied swallows came to wing, while robins, chippies and red-eyed vireos—not to mention a cow-bird, that I wish he had eaten—have also hatched and flown away from nests that he might easily have rifled.

Not many times have I come upon chickaree red-handed—in the very act. But the black snake, the glittering fiend! And the dear house cats! If I run across a dozen black snakes in the early Summer, it is safe to say that six of them will be discovered by the cries of birds that they are robbing. Likewise the cats. But what creature larger than a June-bug was ever distressed by little Bob or any other chipmunk?

In a recent letter to me, Mr. Burroughs says: "No, I never knew the chipmunk to suck or destroy eggs of any kind, and I have never heard of any well authenticated instance of his doing so. The red squirrel is the sinner in this respect, and probably the gray squirrel also."

It will be difficult to find a true bill against him. He may occasionally err, just as I have known him at times to make a nuisance of himself; and just as I have known at times my children to make the same thing of themselves. When half a dozen chipmunks, that you have fed and petted all Summer on the veranda, take up their Winter quarters inside the closed cabin, and chew up your quilts, hammocks, tablecloths and whatever else there is of chewable properties, then they are anathema. The litter they made was dreadful. But in-



stead of exterminating the chipmunks, root and branch, a big box was prepared the next Summer and lined with tin, in which the quilts and hammocks were successfully wintered.

But how real was the loss after all? Here is a rough log cabin on the side of Thorn Mountain. What sort of a tablecloth ought to be found in such a cabin if not one that has been artistically chewed up by chipmunks? Is it for fine linen and cut glass that we take to the woods in Summer? The chipmunks are well worth a tablecloth now and then, and (if the case is proved) an occasional nest of eggs. Well worth, beside these, all the oats that they can steal from my small patch.

Only it isn't stealing. I have watched little Bob carefully, and he doesn't act as if he were taking what he had no right to. He was not told to earn his oats in the sweat of his brow. Instead, he seems to understand that he is one of the innumerable factors ordained to make me sweat—a good and wholesome experience, so long as I get the necessary oats.

And I get them in spite of Bob; though I know he must have carried off, all told, as much as I could have eaten at a breakfast—a whole serving! But then, I don't need oats every morning of my life, nor does my horse need them either.

Aside from that, however, the actual loss of the oats is more than made good. Little Bob gives me real pleasure, and I am as willing to pay for it as I am for a ticket to "Pinafore" or the county fair. Is there a man with soul so dead that he wouldn't look twice at a heap of stones because this perfectly-moulded, richly-colored, exquisite little squirrel sits a-top of it? Why, a cat will do as much as that! Chipmunk, with his sleek, round form and black and white stripes, is the daintiest, most beautiful of all our squirrels.

He is the friendliest little sprite out

of doors, too, friendlier even than chickadee. The two are very much alike, but however tame and confiding chickadee may become, he is still a bird, and despite his wings, belongs to a different and a lower order of beings. Little Bob is more than curious about me; he is interested. It is not my crumbs he wants, but my friendship. Chickadee can be coaxed to eat from my hand; little Bob can be taught to eat from my lips, sleep in my pocket and even come to be stroked. I have sometimes seen chickadee in Winter when he seemed to come to me out of very need for living companionship. But in the floodtide of Summer life little Bob will watch me from his stone pile and tag me along the fence with every show of friendship.

While the oat harvest lasted, I am sure little Bob disturbed no bird's nests. He had no time. Never before had there been an oat patch in his vicinity. This one was only six rail-lengths away.

I cut the oats as soon as they began to yellow and cocked them up, to cure for hay. It was necessary to let them make for about six days, and all of this time little Bob raced back and forth between the cocks and his stone pile. He might have hidden his gleanings in a dozen crannies nearer at hand; but evidently he wanted his store where the family could get at it in bad weather without coming forth.

This is a family habit. Had I removed the stones and dug out the nest, I should have found a tunnel leading into the ground a few feet and opening into a chamber filled with a bulky grass nest capable of holding half a dozen squirrels, and adjoining this, through a short passageway, the storehouse of the oats.

How many trips little Bob made between this crib and the oat-patch, how many kernels he carried in his pouches at a trip, and how big a pile he had when all they grains were in, I should like to know. I might have killed him and

numbered the contents of his pouches, but my scientific zeal does not quite reach that pitch any more. Just how many kernels of oats a chipmunk can stuff into his left cheek is really not worth the cost of his life, though I am

farmers and mere watchers in the woods.

Little Bob is in no danger because of my zeal for science, not that I should love to know, in terms of oats, the cubic capacity of his cheeks the less, but that



A LITTLE PILE OF JUNE-BUGS AT HIS SIDE

sure that someone has already counted them. So have they counted the hairs on the tail of the dog of the child of the wife of the wild man of Borneo, or at least seriously guessed at the number. But this is thesis work for the doctors of philosophy, not a task for

I love the living little Bob, himself, the more.

He flatters me. I believe, to be Emersonian, that I am the great circumstance in little Bob's stone pile. He sits upon his high flat slab and awaits my coming as if I were a postman or

a philosopher. He sits on the very edge of a crack, however, and if I take one step aside toward him he flips, and all there is left of him is a little angry squeak in the depths of the stones. But if I pass properly along without stopping or doing any other sudden thing, he sees me by, then usually follows, especially if I get well off and pause.

During a shower one day I halted under the large hickory just beyond his den. He came running after me, so interested that he forgot to look to his footing, and just opposite me slipped and bumped his nose hard against a stone—so hard that he sat up immediately and rubbed it. Another time he followed me across the garden to the wall along the road. Running this to its end, he climbed a post and continued over the middle strand of the barbed wire, wiggling, twisting, even grabbing the sharp barbs in his efforts to maintain his balance. He reached the middle be-

tween the two posts, then the sagging strand tripped him and he fell with a splash into a shallow pool below.

When the first heavy frosts come, little Bob, and his family, too, I believe, seek the nest in the ground below the stone pile. But they do not immediately go to sleep. The outer entrances have not yet been closed, so that there is plenty of fresh air and of course plenty of food—acorns, chestnuts, hickory nuts and oats. They doze quietly and eat, pushing the empty shells into some side passage, in order to keep the nest clean and sweet.

But the frost is creeping down through the earth overhead, the rains are filling up the outer doorways and shutting off the supply of fresh air. Though not sound sleepers, still, one day the family cuddles down and forgets to wake until the frost has begun to creep back toward the surface and down through the softened soil is felt the thrill of the waking Spring.

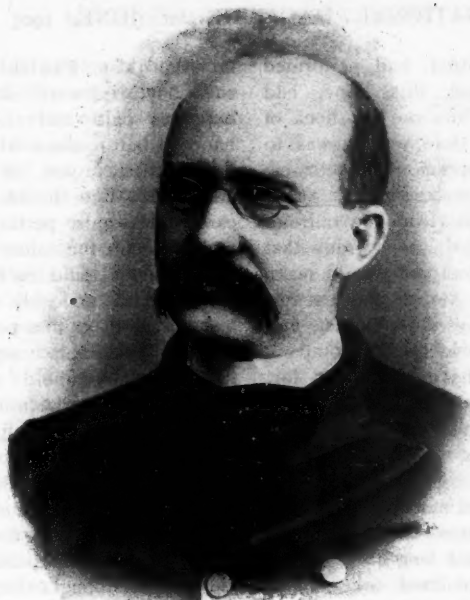
## THE HANDICRAFTSMAN

By MARGARET ASHMUN

MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN

WITH steady eye, and firm, deft-muscle hand  
 He plies his task. Each skilful stroke and clean  
 Gives shape to that his inward sight has seen,  
 And fashions forth the perfect thing he planned;  
 His handiwork's fair forms about him stand  
 In simple, solid honesty; serene  
 And calm his face, and dignified his mien,  
 His being, poised in cheerful self-command.

In this late era, ruled by greed and rage,  
 When labor, void of honor, whines in dole,  
 The master of his craft restores an age  
 When each man wrought what pleased him, strong and whole—  
 When joy of doing was its own best wage,  
 And all his work revealed the workman's soul.



MR. F. F. D. ALBERY, AUTHOR OF "MICHAEL RYAN," WHICH  
WILL RUN THROUGH THE NEXT FIVE NUMBERS OF  
THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

## MICHAEL RYAN, CAPITALIST

### A STORY OF LABOR

By F. F. D. ALBERY

COLUMBUS, OHIO

#### I IN THE BEGINNING

**A**LTHOUGH the sun shone kindly on it that June morning, and Mrs. Patrick Ryan went about her chores as usual, a dread silence pervaded the little shanty on the right of way of the great P. Q. R. S. railway, for old Pat Ryan's nose and old Pat Ryan's toes both pointed in the direction his soul was supposed to have taken, and the few who came to offer sympathy and condolence stepped on tiptoe, as though they might disturb his rest, and there

was about the whole premises that silence unspeakable which proclaims our awe of the dread fact in the face of our constant boasting when it is not present.

In one corner sat little Mike, son and heir to the misfortune which had come upon the household, not quite comprehending it all, but yet impressed with the fact that something unusual and important had happened, for the Union had sent its committee and the Lodge its representative, who had all talked in subdued and impressive tones with the widow. Likewise, Father Clark, whom

the small boy adored, had performed certain offices, and, this done, had taken time to pat him on his shock of wiry hair and had told him he was to be his mother's protector and reliance, now that the father was gone.

So, too, an official from the railroad had come to assure the poor widow that his large-hearted company would make it "all right" with her, for Ryan senior had lost his life in their service and by an accident which the company would eventually have to answer for, and they were bound to be generous with the widow and orphaned boy, as corporations always are under similar compulsion.

The boy wondered more when it came to the funeral, for there was a gorgeous band in uniform and long lines of men in certain bright-colored collars with much gold lace and a long procession of carriages and people at the church, leaving the impression of great importance of the deceased, which in his undeveloped mind did not correspond with the small, whitewashed dwelling on the right of way, where were neither pavements nor street lamps such as he knew existed in the big town on the other side of the bridge; and it did not strike him as quite in harmony, for the small boy had a large head, and, notwithstanding his bare feet and freckled nose, he reasoned well, like Plato in the book.

The generous officers of the railway company fixed things all right with the widow; that is, they convinced her of the uselessness of going to law about the matter, they pointed out the long delay and the uncertainty of such a course, and, having brought about the appointment of one of their own attorneys as administrator of the estate assumed, who after some hesitation consented to the plan, it was soon satisfactorily arranged and the whole matter settled to the entire approval of all concerned, and in less time than it takes to comprehend such a

situation Mrs. Patrick Ryan and her small boy Mike were left with all funeral expenses paid and a few dollars on hand to battle alone with the world.

Thereafter it was, of course, impossible that Mike should be further educated. He must perforce go to work, and, through the same generous influence that had paid the funeral expenses and "settled" amicably with the widow, he was given a fine position with the District Telegraph company, in which their benefactors held stock, where he had only to work from seven in the morning till twelve at night and received three dollars per week for doing nothing but carrying light bundles and notes at distances ranging from one to five miles and from the best to the worst quarters of the city. But Mickey was a brave lad, and the thought that his mother got three dollars every Saturday night by his exertion buoyed him up at all hours of the day and night, and was consolation to his small and bruised body at those times when he would be held up and robbed by the toughs in the bad lands where he was compelled often to go; and his only fear after one of these encounters, in which he was nearly killed, was of being "laid off" and "docked" accordingly, lest the mother should suffer thereby. But he shirked no duty, was a good fighter when it was necessary to fight, and finally earned his position in the respect and confidence of his employers and the other boys. He liked all the boys in the District, but he was especially fond of Charlie Hall, a rather good-looking, clean sort of boy with a disposition to be melancholy at times. This boy read many books with bright covers, concerning cowboys and detectives and terrible adventures by land and sea, but had an unfortunate way of imagining slights and injuries which no one intended, and it was possibly on account of the fact that Mickey never worried himself about such trifles, and was always good-



humored, that this particular boy grew to depend upon the self-reliant little chap, who stood ever on his own feet and fought his own way.

Father Clark did not forget the small boy who had taken things so philosophically at the time of great distress, and himself offered to give him certain lessons if the time could be had, and it so happened that Mickey continued his work in a very irregular way in those elementary branches which are taught to small children in our public and parochial schools, the difference being, however, that with Mickey Ryan it was all pure gold which he acquired in this beautiful, free way, and whenever he had an opportunity of reciting to Father Clark that divine was simply astounded at the depth and scope of the boy's learning. His voluntary task became a source of infinite delight to him, and he looked forward to his weekly encounter with the boy with more pleasure than that of meeting his flock at the mission; his constant wonder was where the youngster got the time to cover so much ground. It was then not long before it was possible to branch out into rudimentary Latin—a study most dear to the earnest priest, for it meant the first step in the making of a new priest in his holy church, a prospect heartily concurred in by the mother, if it could only be. But the thought that her boy might ever be a priest seemed so impossible that she simply acquiesced in what Father Clark said about it and could only pray that it might some day come to pass.

Mickey began to use his learning at once and tried to impart some of it to the other boys, but it was barren and repellant soil, for the boys had too many other things to think of. Only Charlie Hall seemed willing to go in his direction, and with him, hand in hand, began one of those great boyish friendships which often pay for a lifetime of toil and hardships.

## II

### A RESCUE AND A REWARD

It was a beastly night. The rain drizzled down dismally and froze as it fell, making the pavements almost impassable and chilling one's bones to the marrow, as only dampness with cold can. It was not only what one would call raw; it was dispiriting, so that one was possessed of the bluest blues before the cold had really touched him. Into such an atmosphere, about the worst he had encountered since he entered the service of the "District" some years before, had Mickey plunged an hour ago to carry a note to one of those beautiful palaces of brilliant furnishings which are usually situated in some alley or once fashionable street now deserted. Having accomplished his errand, he was trudging along whistling a gay tune not quite in keeping with the dingy surroundings of the dilapidated street. He had scarcely left the place when his attention was attracted by the appearance of two men, one of whom carried a bundle which looked like a large package of clothes. They entered a side gate of one of the oldest and worst houses and the one with the free hands proceeded to unlock the door. Something prompted the messenger boy to watch, and as they were entering the dark hallway he heard a suppressed sob, as of a little child half smothered. His quick wit told him at once what had happened, for he and Charlie Hall had some time ago read a story about the kidnapping of a child. His temptation was to tell the first "cop" that he met, but some experience and much that he had heard satisfied him that it would not be best, so he hurried on to "District" headquarters. Once there, he asked for the night manager, whom he knew to be a man of kind heart as well as just views, and told him what had happened. The manager wasted no time, but, leaving the office

in charge of his assistant, put on his storm coat and started with Mickey for police headquarters and was most fortunate in finding the chief himself. He listened to the boy's clever and careful statement and, calling half a dozen of his best men, went at once under Mickey's guidance to the tumble-down old house which was recognized as one of the worst dives in the city. The house was quietly surrounded and "pulled," as Mickey in his glee described it, and, after much trouble, the contents of the mysterious bundle discovered hidden away in a drygoods box in the cellar, around and on top of which coal had been piled so ingeniously as to deceive any but the shrewdest expert. The kidnappers had chosen to do their work in the cleverest possible way, the little girl having been decoyed from her home by a woman of their own gang, who had kept her concealed during the rest of the day. She had been conveyed late at night by the two men to the place where it was evident she was to be concealed until a ransom could be negotiated for, as her box prison was furnished with some quilts for warmth, and she had already been given something to eat and a cup of water. The keen intuition of the messenger boy had blocked the game. The little captive was returned to her home, four persons were sent to prison for long terms and Mickey was exalted.

The natural result followed, and the shrewd boy was taken into the great iron mills owned by the family which he had so signally benefitted, although the district messenger officials would have been only too glad to keep him, and the chief of police even hinted that he would make a grand detective. But Mickey could see to the top of the district service without standing on his toes, and the "force" had no attraction at all for him, while the great mills sang songs of joy and hope, of advancement

and even wealth, which he only hoped the dear mother would live to share.

His own choice took him into the works, where he could practically learn the whole business of manufacturing.

By this time he was a stout, rosy lad who prided himself on his physical powers and, as he was able to do a man's work, his earnings soon jumped to as much in one day as the District paid in a whole week; while it was hard and grimy, it was wholesome and less dangerous, with better hours, so that he could devote an hour or two each evening to his studies with Father Clark.

One of his deepest joys later on was his success in getting a place beside him in the mill for his chum, Charley Hall, and as boys will when they love each other, the two made a strong team and each profited by the presence of the other.

It was now necessary for him to be near his work, and, as the generous corporation which had been the cause of his father's elimination from the family activity proposed that the widow should pay rent for the whitewashed shanty on the right of way, Michael Ryan (too old now to be called Mickey by any but his closest friends) insisted that his mother should move into a decent house in a decent neighborhood. It resulted in the widow's removal to one of those convenient little homes where sanitary conditions prevail and which stand like regiments in line in the neighborhood of a few of our great industrial establishments. It pleased the big, rosy boy immensely to see his mother settled in such a fine home, with gas and hydrant water and all those conveniences which she had never known or dreamed of in her hard life.

"Look here, mother," said he, "when you have to go out to the pump and pump a bucket of water, all you have to do is to turn this little brass thing in the sink, and there you are," and he laughed loud and long, but with a great

lump in his throat at the thought that all these things meant ease and comfort and less, very much less hard work for his darling. Even the wash-tubs could be filled and emptied without labor and the mother wondered what she should do for exercise now that there was to be no more work.

But the proud son knew that it meant that the chances were thereby increased of keeping her with him to share the greater ease that was to come, for he never doubted his ability or the success of his future. It was always, "Wait, dearie, a few years and ye'll have a horse and buggy to ride in and a hired girl to help you, and then maybe ye'll feel like going back to the Old Sod to see the relation," and joy and pride filled his heart at the thought of what he would be able to do for her whom he loved more than all the world.

And how she doted on him, her big, fine Mickey who was always so full of jokes and fun, who was never tired and who sang from morning till night and thought himself the luckiest young man on the face of the earth.

### III

#### THE UNION

The Amalgamated Association of United Iron and Steel Workers was organized, according to its charter, for the purpose of mutual protection and advancement. It held weekly meetings at its hall and discussed many matters of interest to its members, including methods of work and many subjects of undoubted advantage to the employers of labor. It must be admitted that it was not all the selfish concern of the employes, although the men did not at any time lose sight of the fact that their work and diligence and loyalty to the company were of the utmost importance to it.

As is always the case in clubs, secret societies and legislative bodies, a small

percentage of the members did the largest percentage of the talking, and these were, by their own admission, put down as leaders, although, it must be confessed, there was frequently neither logic nor good sense in what they said; and it was to be observed that the poorest workmen were often the most fluent speakers and those who invariably shirked in the work were most insistent upon shorter hours and more time for the men to spend with their families and to improve their minds. One man in particular, who was said to be cruel to his family at most times and never exemplary in his behavior, indulged in long harangues concerning the family relations and the necessity of preserving them at their best as a matter of actual advantage to the company. All these inconsistencies emphasized themselves in the clear vision of Michael Ryan as he sat and listened to the discussions in Local No. 14, of which he soon became a member, for loyalty to his kind was strong in his heart and he knew that improvement in many ways was as possible as it was necessary. He was somewhat impatient, however, with the protracted arguments upon the relations of the employer to the employe, and preferred those discussions in which all the men could take part, concerning the processes of making iron and steel, the operations of machinery and the proper arrangement of the shops and the working force. This was practical, the other theoretical and often far-fetched and did not enlist the interest and cooperation of the best men. For himself, he was satisfied with his position and the fact that the better workman he became the more he could earn and the nearer he came to the bosses. It seemed to him a waste of time to sit and listen to young Kitchen haranguing in a strident voice and working himself into a fury about the universal brotherhood of man, when old man Strauss, in his sonorous, persuasive bass,

could give them all pointers of great value concerning the best methods of puddling; or tall, bony McGregor, with his delicious, double-knotted Highland, stood ready to give them the benefit of his experience in the mills of Scotland. It was all very well to prate of wrongs when wrongs existed, but whoever heard of any injustice in the mills of Kruger, Gill & Wamser? It seemed to him largely a personal matter, and he could not quite comprehend the theory upon which was founded the necessity for his staking his position upon the dissatisfaction of some lazy lout whose sole problem seemed to be to do just as little as possible. He was absolutely loyal to his fellow workman, but justice was so strong a feature in his make-up that he could not leave it wholly out of consideration, and the fact that the mill existed at all and gave employment to several hundred men seemed to compensate for much that might possibly be unsatisfactory to some of them. If there were no such establishment what would they all be doing? Himself perhaps a little higher up in the District, with possibly a few dollars more a week; or, had he chosen the other calling, a "fly cop" standing around some corner and telling people in majestic tones to "move on there," or pulling some small boy for throwing stones; but no outcome, no future to any of it, and he builded ever for the future. His work called forth all his manly qualities, physical strength, mentality, calculation and experiment. The thing which he did today in this way could be improved upon tomorrow by the adoption of another method, and his inventive faculties were already at work upon a roller, which, as he could see it in its perfected state, would lighten the labor of the men, make a better product and save money to the mill.

In all of these views he had had the active support and sympathy of Hall down to the present time, but a change

had taken place; Hall's assent was less ready and hearty than it had been. Some agency was at work on his old friend which was stronger in influence than his own, and Ryan's heart went down as he observed the change. Hall had worked in a different gang with Kitchen and one or two other malcontents, and Ryan noted with sorrow that he talked much about the oppressed workman and his "share" of the earnings of his employer. He tried to stem the tide which had set in, and for a time was successful, but the influence of the malcontents was stronger and they gradually drifted apart on these questions, although Ryan's affection for his chum never faltered and he embraced every opportunity to get him back on what he was convinced was the right road.

One day when Ryan had taken him to task for drifting away from his moorings, Hall said:

"The men think you are yielding too much to the influence of capital. You do not associate with us as much as formerly, and in the meetings you never take the side of the men."

"There is just where they are mistaken," Ryan said. "I consider the side of the men to be that one which in the long run will be most beneficial and lasting. I have thought it all out, and do not favor any mere temporary advantage. We must all work together, men and masters; our interests are the same. There can be no divorce; we yield today, they yield tomorrow, but in the end no one has yielded. It is simply the pressure of one day adjusting itself to the counter pressure of another day. My employer is just as essential to me as I am to him, or as you are to me, or I to you. It is a great human body of which even the little finger cannot be cut off without deforming the whole body and making it less human and efficient. The little injustices that may show up now and then are gradually righted and in the end, in the course

say of five, ten or twenty years, we have all profited by adjusting ourselves to circumstances. Suppose the mill were to shut down every time the market looks gloomy and unpromising? Suppose at the times when they are manufacturing at a loss they were to discharge all the men, as they would have a right to do? I tell you, my boy, there are two sides to the question. You and I have never done so well in all our lives before, and if we learn this business so that we can do our work better than anyone else there is no end to it. We can both live well and save money on our present wages and what more can we demand? We have no right to say that the man with a million dollars should have no more profit than you or I. The good God, for some reason, has picked him out and given him that great advantage, just as the man with great brains is singled out and given power over ordinary men. We have no right to quarrel with the Almighty and I am not going to do it. I can make five dollars any day, while your friend Kitchen is arguing it out to show that he ought to have five dollars for doing nothing. I tell you, Charlie, it's a bad lay, and I wish I could make you see it. Those fellows in your gang talk too much. It doesn't hurt anybody to work, but it does hurt lots of people to talk. My dear old mother and I are just as happy as we can be. We have all we want to eat. We've got \$800 in the Loan and after a while we're going to buy a little home of our own. Come off, Charlie, and be sensible; drop those agitators and tend to your knitting. You'll save money and worry and you'll be a whole lot happier."

"But you don't take any interest in your fellow men," argued Hall. "You forget the rights of labor and the principles of the union, and you propose to let capital have its own way."

"Rights of labor be hanged!" said Ryan rather hotly. "I know my rights,

and I don't propose to let Bill Kitchen tell me what they are; and as far as capital having its own way is concerned you might as well cut that out, for capital must have its own way or there would be no mills or railroads; and so far as my fellow workmen are concerned, if they'll all tend to their own jobs in the right way they won't need guardians and won't have any time to worry about me. They'll be tired enough at night to go to bed early, and they'll be glad to get up at daylight and go to work again. We ought all to thank God daily for sound bodies and the chance to work, and in feeling this way and acting accordingly I'm a better friend of labor than any of these disturbers, and, if you have a mind to, you may tell 'em so with my compliments."

"Ah, Mike," said Charlie, "I'm afraid we're come to the parting of the ways. I can't see things your way, and I don't see any prospect of rousing you. The men are all dissatisfied, and the more they figure on it and think about it and discuss it the worse it all seems. I can't see why one man should be worth a million dollars and another man at his side worth nothing, when both are equally industrious. The very proposition shows its own enormity; it is criminal and cannot be justified in any way."

And so for the time being they parted.

#### IV

#### A BLUNDER

We learn most through our blunders. This is what most people call experience, and when Mr. Michael Ryan, now a mature individual of two and twenty years, concluded that his improved roller was sufficiently developed, he decided to consult a patent lawyer, and, having had no experience whatever, he naturally determined to follow his own good judgment in the matter. After reading over carefully a number of advertisements, he picked out Mr. J. C. Shackel-



ford, whose "ad" seemed most attractive, for Mr. Shackelford, beside having numerous and influential friends in and about Washington, left you to infer that he had some particular influence inside the patent office. Moreover, you were to pay nothing till the patent was granted, and then only the smallest fee—in fact merely a nominal one, his object being not to make money but to help those budding geniuses who could not afford to pay the exorbitant fees charged by some attorneys, especially certain ones lacking in experience, influence and ability.

Lured by such speciousness, our friend called one day upon Mr. Shackelford and was somewhat taken back at the profuse cordiality shown at a first meeting between strangers. He moreover was pained to note that the effusive gentleman's grammar was often at fault—a strange item, he thought, in the make-up of a lawyer, who, he supposed, of all men on earth, must be educated. Mr. Shackelford patted him frequently on the back and insisted that he was a genius but that there were certain conditions about his model and drawings that would have to be corrected by an expert, and only wound up when he had succeeded in getting Ryan to leave his work with him, accompanied by a "little deposit" of ten dollars to cover incidentals. It was not much, but it was the manner of it and the disappointment in finding the man so unlike the advertisement that made him feel dissatisfied and blue, and he went back to his work heavy-hearted for the first time in his whole life. Strive against it as he would, he could not feel that all was well, and when, some weeks after, he called to see his lawyer, he was told that his idea was not practical, or, if so, he would be infringing upon another invention for which a caveat was already on file in the patent office. Sore and broken, he took his model and drawings under his arm and returned

them to his little workroom at home, where he had labored so many weary hours over his pet scheme that was to make him rich.

In the effort to cheer up and rid himself of the blues, he now went to work in the foundry harder than ever and tried to forget his ambition by hard blows and ceaseless toil. He allowed no one to talk to him about his hobby except the old mother at home, who said very little but much to the point. "Why don't you go, darlin', to the company's lawyers instead of thim snide fellows that advertise themselves all the time in the newspapers," said she. But, sensible as the advice seemed to him, he would only say:

"Oh, mother, it's no use. The luck's against me, and I'll go back to my job again. I can make a good living and more, and I guess that's enough and all I deserve."

But finally the mother, in the mother's way, the only way that nobody can explain, but in that quiet way that only mothers have, brought him out of himself, and little by little induced him to go back to his model. It had been neglected for some time—a time of self condemnation and self criticism—a time of purification that had brought him to the heights, and he could now look at his work with the eye of a critic having no selfish interest in it. When Michael Ryan, critic and expert, came now to examine the work of that other Michael Ryan, enthusiast and lunatic, he was compelled to pronounce it good. He failed to see wherein it was crude. He failed to see wherein it would not work and produce the results he wanted, and he failed to see wherein it interfered with any other machine of its kind, for he had heard of all and knew the most of them by heart. The mother was right. He would go to the firm first, and through them to its lawyers.

To reach Mr. Kruger, the practical machine man of the firm, it was neces-

sary to pass barriers, doors and gates of fine cabinet work and ground glass with much ringing of bells and passing of cards and waiting in outside rooms, as though you were approaching the king of some land of iron and cinders; but once in the holy of holies there appeared a very plain man with a large head and genial smile, who said in a soft voice: "Sit down, please; I'll be through presently."

Ryan sat down and waited. When his turn came he explained in a few words the object of his visit and was delighted to hear this important, dignified man say that the matter was one which could not be satisfactorily discussed in a few minutes, and as the time during office hours was all taken up, would he please return at four o'clock. At that hour he found all of the members of the firm, who had undoubtedly been advised to be present. They listened patiently, asked many questions, and in a frank, manly way gave him the impression that his invention was one of importance and should be at once patented. They made an appointment for him with their attorney, who, without wasting words, turned him over to a young man in the office of about his own age with instructions to at once prepare a caveat and to then go about making a proper application for letters patent. There were no flourishes and no attempts to impress him with the importance of the profession, but only plain, matter-of-fact business methods which it seemed to him anyone—even himself with no training in law matters, might have followed as well—and it was soon over and he dismissed.

The next day he was sent for by the firm and told that they regarded his invention of so much importance that they were prepared to make him one of two propositions. They would either pay him a gross sum, to be agreed upon when his machine had shown that it would do what he claimed for it, or they

would make him a member of the firm on the basis of the earning capacity of it. But first the patent must be obtained and the invention tested.

Ryan's faith in his invention was anchored in years of hard work and observation, and, while profoundly moved by the sincerity and generosity of his employers, he preferred to wait and see how it all came out. There would then be time enough, and so it was left.

He seemed now, however, to have reached the high point of his journey—the grown man's work with danger and wounds and possible defeat in it. Heretofore, with his strong, cheerful will and large comprehensiveness, he had conquered easily, but, having reached man's estate, it was henceforth to be a man's battle with all the terrible risks and disappointments and bitterness from which he dare not shrink even if he so desired. But he did not so desire. He was proud of the fact that his sword was his own and that he had reached the age of the sword. Sympathy up to this time had made his life easy for him, with no life-and-death-struggle, no desertion of friends, no ingratitude of those whom he had benefitted. But he had turned the corner, and the very first thing he encountered was an ugly fact in the shape of treachery, as he at once suspected, for the attorneys soon reported to him that a caveat was already on file covering the same invention. So strong, however, was his conviction that there was something wrong about the whole thing, that he requested an investigation and was not surprised to learn that the caveat had been filed after his first visit to Mr. Shackelford. He was now so certain of his ground that he went to the firm, explained all, including his theory of what had occurred, and was told that the firm's resources were at his command to ferret out the fraud and that the attorneys would be instructed so to proceed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# DIAMOND HOOF

By HENRY L. KINER

GENESEO, ILLINOIS

**S**WISH, swat! The swish was caused by the sudden cutting of the darkening air by a mule's leg; the swat by the impact of the mule's hoof against a ledge of granite.

"Dod gast ye," growled the tall man. He picked up the bit of quartz to fire it at the mule.

Then he gave a yell at least four miles long. Perhaps it was forty miles. Sound travels far in the foothills of the Rockies.

Then he fainted.

Then all the conscious life that remained within the vast horizon was one lame mule, blind of one eye. The other eye had been blind from time immemorial. The lame hind leg had been caused by recent impact with granite.

This mule was a millionaire!

His one calm eye surveyed a tract yellowed by untold gold!

He was the sole possessor!

He sniffed indifferently at the tall form of his master, becoming indistinct in the dusk.

He was doing his stubborn best to rectify an impression that he had missed his mark, for the first time in his life. He saw the man lying there. Nothing but the kick could have downed him. Yet the mule felt, when he attempted to step on the hoof he had fired with, that there must be some mistake.

His one eye grew green. Visions of innumerable thumpings arose in his godless memory.

The mule is the only animal that God never made.

Why should he not turn and kick out the brains of this relentless man, who had hammered his ribs, and pounded his head, and kicked his belly over hundreds of miles of desert?

But, in a dim way, horse sense,—his

only legacy from a long maternal line of ancestors, struggled through red passion and green revenge. He could not use the lame leg to kick with. He could not stand on the lame leg while he kicked with the other.

He turned and began munching at a sage bush.

The long man lay there still. Very still.

A creek brawled over the rocks a few rods away.

The man had selected this place for his night camp, because of this creek. It would supply water for himself and his mule.

The mule, being athirst, hobbled down to the creek, and drank. As he drank he saw the long form of his master slowly toiling on hands and knees down the declivity to the stream.

His one eye observed that his master drank feverishly, ravenously, as if to drain this ditch of a creek of every crystal drop.

Then his dull comprehension was changed to apprehension.

His master arose and executed a tremendous war dance, so suddenly and energetically that the mule, being wise in his day and generation,—a legacy from a long line of dams—went sideways in an instinctive effort to make distance between his master and himself.

In an ecstasy of joy, the man, not realizing the lameness of the mule — (in fact he had been dead to the world since the lameness had occurred) — in an ecstasy of joy, the man suddenly set his shoulder against the mule's rear, and heaved him into the creek. It was pure ecstasy. Nothing more.

He loved the mule. All old grudges were gone. He loved all the world and

the red, rising moon and the eternal stars that now smiled down upon him.

His horizons had widened with expanding hope. Whereas, but a few lost minutes ago, himself and his mule and the ravine through which the creek ran had been his entire world, now the entire world was his. It took in the oceans and continents. It embraced the home of aged parents in the East and a girl whom he associated with a gate.

All the hard frontiers of his nature, hard with frozen hopes, melted into one universal benevolence. He even helped the struggling mule out of the creek.

"Poor devil, you are a cripple," he said with concentrated observance, as the beast clattered painfully over the

rocks. "We'll call this Cripple Creek."

And it was so.

A soul had sundered its sepulchre. From the narrow confines of a daily coffin, crowded with dead hopes, bankrupt enthusiasms and the ghosts of by-gone anticipations; from the contemplation of an endless procession of colorless tomorrows, he had suddenly burst, bright, bewildered, effulgent, upon a wondering world, and himself!

Herein is the true story of the finding of the great Cripple Creek mines in Colorado. Other versions have been given; but this is the correct one.

The mule is still living.

The man is not dead.

Suppose the mule had mauled the man's head in, somehow, in the gloaming that night!

## HAECKEL'S "WONDERS OF LIFE"

### A REVIEW BY "AN IGNORAMUS"

**H**E was a great biologist  
Of learning and research,  
Who couldn't bear religious Kant,  
And scorned to go to church;

And as for the philosopher  
Who taught that man is Soul—  
The body but a garment fair  
Moulded to fit the whole;—

He Hackled out that silly creed,  
With several cognate theses,  
And eschatology he clawed,  
Till it was all in pieces.

His whole life long a student, he  
Had conned the matter well,  
With scalpel keen and microscope,  
Retort and crucible;

And his discoveries had proved  
Man has no dual state,—  
The soul is merely functional,  
And shares the body's fate;—

Its powers are but developments  
Social and otherwise,  
Of instinct, in ancestral bugs  
And archetypal flies:—

And as to life—that's simple, too,—  
'Twas inorganic matter  
Fused erst in incandescent heat,  
And transformed by the latter

Into cyanogen, that mixed  
While cooling through the ages,  
With oxygen and hydrogen  
And salt—by easy stages,

Until it albumen became,  
(Crossing a bridgeless chasm,  
Objectors claim,) and so at last  
We had the living plasm.

But, inter nos, our physicist  
(Who was not there, we know,  
When all this mixing up took place,  
So many years ago),

Is not so sure of this, perhaps,  
As that the soul neuronie,  
In the phronema has become,  
(With limitations) chronic;

Or that placental mammals sprang  
(Sub rosa, we're "that same,")  
From parentage of primates, who  
Have tertiary fame;—

That man is not creation's crown,  
Nor plastic forces quitters,  
But nature (whate'er nature be,)  
Will keep on making "critturs,"—

New types, surpassing far, our own,  
Their end, like ours, to perish,  
Ad infinitum:— What a creed  
For you and me to cherish!

What then is life worth?—law?—or love?  
Or faith in fellow men?  
And what mean goodness, honor, truth,  
If Good has never been?

Hug thou thy wisdom cortical,  
Biologist most sage!  
And rate me as an idiot  
Below the average,

The while I dream my foolish dream  
That Life and Love are one,  
Whether in earth, or sea, or air,  
Or in the burning sun;

Or wheresoe'er this universe  
Of law-engirdled matter  
Sees stars arise with splendor new,  
Or worlds to fragments shatter;—

Let me still dream that back of law,  
In majesty enshrined,  
Bides the Law-Maker, infinite,  
The all-controlling Mind,

Whose realm the finite can but guess,  
Nor touch its hither shore,  
Though still the scientist may ply  
Poor "nature's" laboring oar;—

That all the mysteries which rise  
To cloud our little day,—  
Life's sorrow, suffering, and sin,  
Will yet be cleared away;—

And complex threads that tangle faith,  
Twine in one shining strand,  
And seeming discords blend at length,  
Unisonant and grand;—

Yes, let me dream His greatness proved  
Whose are all things that be,  
In that supernal Love has stooped  
To dower with love e'en me;

While still I hold with steadfast trust  
The hope doubt cannot shake,  
My life shall live forevermore,  
Somewhere—for love's dear sake!





MAJOR GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, U. S. A. (RETIRED)

Photograph by Pach, New York City

## LINCOLN'S MONUMENT IN THE MOUNTAINS

By MAJOR GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD

**Y**OUR readers will ask, "What sort of a monument is there erected to Abraham Lincoln in the mountains?"

I answer that the monument to which I refer is a young university, with all the vigor and virility of youth in it. I believe and our people generally think that a school, a college, or a university is

the best possible monument to Abraham Lincoln. The people do enjoy looking at those rugged features of Abraham Lincoln as they appear in paintings all over the land, and also in busts carved out or molded to represent him, such for example as the one that I saw yesterday here in New York—a fine work

of art which is just finished by A. Lincoln Seligman. All the artists endeavor to portray the features of this noblest of men. Some catch striking

ing, and will not last much longer. Beside it, when I was young, (more than sixty years ago) at least once a year during his political life, Henry



THE NEW PHYSICAL SCIENCE LABORATORY



AVERY HALL, DORMITORY FOR YOUNG WOMEN

phases of his being—peculiar characteristics, often singular and descriptive. The bust of Mr. Seligman clearly reveals the great strain which was put upon Lincoln to create those deep lines on a haggard background. The curves around his mouth in the bronze show something of the gentleness of his nature and how he cared for suffering humanity while he was forced to carry on the great war, at the same time when he was loving peace better than war, and when he loved even his enemies. But, after all, no monument in stone or in bronze or in marble or on the canvas can ever do more than indicate a little of the superb man whom now all nations praise, and all parties revere. I once wrote, and love to repeat it, to wit: that the word University is a deserved honor to Lincoln, and it is a proper place to set it up, down there in that corner of the three states, Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia. It is in the hill country, on the border of which, 100 miles away, Lincoln was born.

An old log church, about as big as Lincoln's own log house, the house where Lincoln first saw the light, stands near the bright little village of Cumberland Gap. It is old, indeed, and decay-

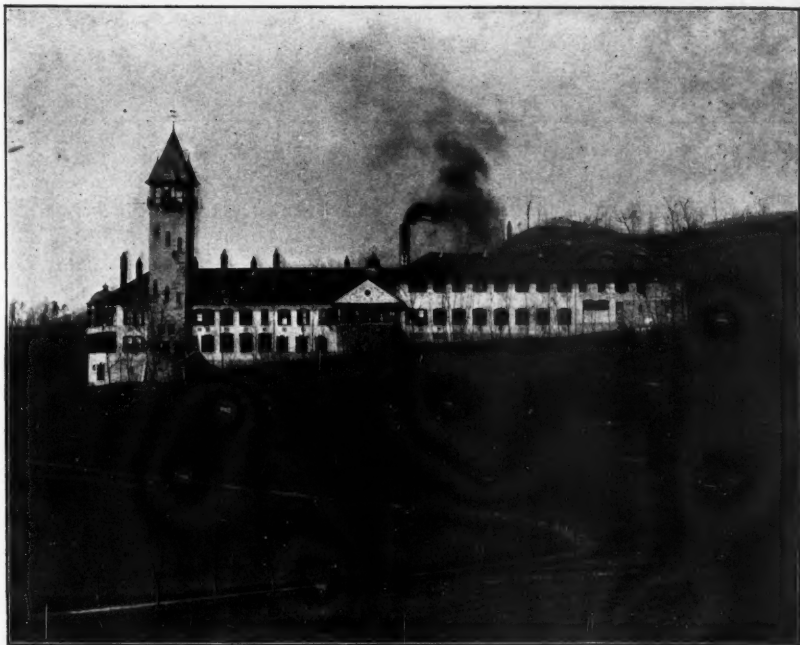
Clay, with features as strange and marked as those of Lincoln himself, stood here. The little church was close behind him. The lofty hills and mountains rose all around him; the mists were there and the sunshine, making beautiful pictures to half-veil and crown their crests. The Gap across the well-defined range was also high up to his right hand. What a remarkable place for the orator! There were not two hundred people who dwelt in the village at that time—men, women and children all together. Prior to Clay's coming, the mountaineers had come down into that valley from every direction. They came on horses and mules. There were no roads for wagons then, and the trails were rough, in places almost impassable. I can see them now before my mind's eye illustrated from my varied mountain experience, with never less than two persons on a horse or on the back of a mule, and often three and four clinging to each other and the mane—father, mother and children. Their dress was peculiar: the broad hats, the color of the earth, drawn down over the eyes of men with bony fingers and long limbs; the women in deep sunbonnets, hiding themselves within them, with their white

caples floating over their shoulders and the children often hatless and always barefooted. Sometimes five thousand came, and sometimes more. Henry Clay, always pleading for internal improvements, stretched forth his hand and told them of the future, when wagon roads would exist, and in time railways would creep in under the mountain ranges, and also telegraph lines would bring to them all the news of America.

A little more than eight years ago five friends, to set up a real monument, sat upon the porch of what is now "Harrow Hall"; this was within six hundred yards of the spot which Henry Clay consecrated with his patriotic appeals and wonderful predictions. The

times the other, for all were Americans; they were about equally matched. They cleared out the stones for their wagons and they dug deep trenches to cover their men from the rifles and cannon of their adversaries. The railroads, too, have come and are running under the long mountain range and branching off close to the little log church; the wires stretching from post to post are heavy with the news not only of America but of all the world every hour of every day. The Harrow Hall is filled with young pupils and is a part of the academic and normal instruction of the "Lincoln Memorial University."

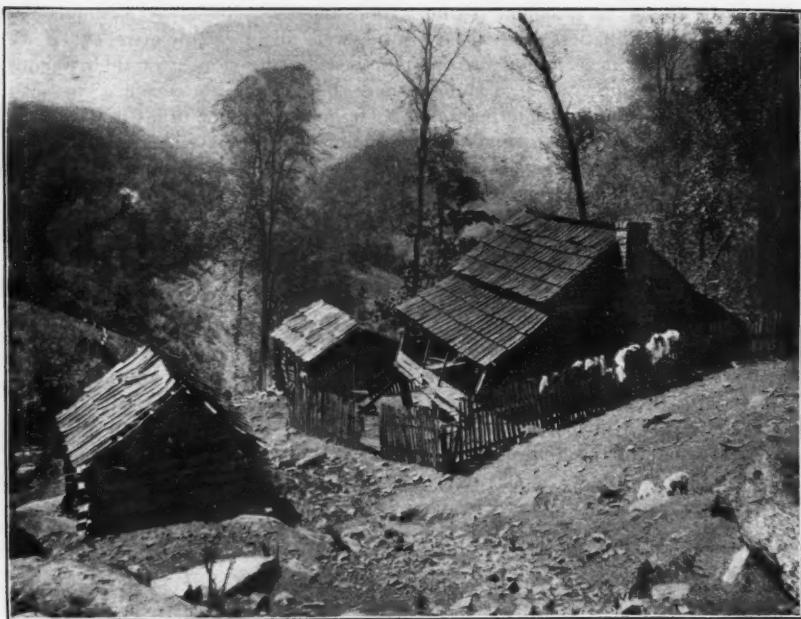
One mile northward in the direction of Knoxville, which is sixty-five miles



GRANT-LEE HALL, DORMITORY FOR YOUNG MEN

wagon roads had come before our visit. The armies of the Union had met the armies of the Confederacy right there,—sometimes one prevailing and some-

off, we find the main part of the great University. Henry Clay could hardly have dreamed of such a thing. Begun as a hotel with a pretentious name,



A "FRONT YARD" SCENE NEAR CUMBERLAND GAP

"Four Seasons," we find there now a most beautiful stretch of land of about six hundred acres; excellent land, like rolling prairie, dotted with handsome buildings, and, in the season for them, covered with crops of all kinds of farm produce; with a garden upon it of ten acres, with macadamized roads in all directions bequeathed by the hotel people; macadamized paths and highways, which the great engineer George Waring laid out, finished and left there. There is the Grant-Lee Hall with its high tower, which was once a hotel-sanitarium. There are the barns and out-houses which go with the farm land. There are the mills for grinding the corn, for sawing the logs and for cutting out the shingles. There is the new dormitory for young women, put up by the Honorable Samuel P. Avery and his noble wife, of New York, a generous and choice gift to the mountain youth.

There are several points of view from which you can take in pictures of this consecrated country, consecrated as a monument to Abraham Lincoln, and dedicated to purposes that were near to his heart. The mountain people were cut off for a hundred years from the ordinary privileges which the rest of us had enjoyed. They were talked against by aristocratic men and women. Even the slaves, because mountain folk owned no slaves, contemned them and laughed at them, giving them names which were calculated to depress and degrade them. They had also themselves to overcome the old custom of the Scottish Highlanders to inherit feuds, the patriarchal methods of clans, and the ways of the heads of households where the chief always has defended his interests, his family, or his clan with the rifle. Never mind how it came about, they fought for us in the Revolu-

tion at King's Mountain. Thousands of them hastened to our help when we most needed them, in the great Civil war for the preservation of the Union. They gave up to us all they could gather. They stripped themselves, sacrificing their homes, often their families and their lives. No wonder that Abraham Lincoln praised them so in his last interview with me during the Fall of 1863, when I was going out there to campaign in that vast mountain country. I learned to love them myself; they came to meet me by the thousands as I marched northward from Chattanooga.

\* \* \* But those days are over; they are with us now—Confederate and Union together. We are in the same board of directors. We have worked night and day to build up an institution where those can come who have never had any opportunities for knowledge from books. They do now come and we have four hundred and twenty-five of these young people getting their knowledge in Harrow Hall, in Grant-Lee Hall, and in Avery Hall, and out yonder in the gardens—knowledge of an industrial kind. They are on the farm, learning how to do farming as it ought to be done, and also in the mills. It seems like an immense beehive of activity. Our commercial department covers every instruction necessary for commercial knowledge, both for girls and boys. The telegraphy, the typewriting, the stenography, the type-setting are models of industrial enterprise. The work for the girls keeps apace with the work for the boys, so we begin to be proud of what we call our "industrial department."

My last visit showed me a teacher, a young lady who had just returned from a school which she had been teaching for twelve weeks. She came back for more knowledge, and I watched with curious interest one of our teachers as she instructed this young teacher in normal methods. I learned that the young lady

had had eighty-three pupils, the most of whom began their education with her. I wish my readers could see her log school house out there in the mountains, where the eighty-three boys and girls were eagerly at work trying to make the most of themselves in their simple way. Over one hundred and fifty of such teachers have already gone from us into the various valleys to teach in districts more or less destitute.

My last visit revealed to me several other things: how the president, Dr. Stooksbury, and his good wife, really his first assistant, went from Grant-Lee Hall to Avery Hall, about an eighth of a mile, to be at breakfast with their students every day before sunrise; how professors and teachers were thus early with them on hand to work all day at their several tasks; how the professor of hygiene, a young woman from North Carolina, cared for the health of the institution and of the country where the teachers went. The hospital was not quite done, but it will be much needed whenever the varioloid, the measles or any other contagious diseases come nigh. In Avery Hall the young people have the right sort of religious exercises in their chapel—the brief reading of the scripture—the sacred music and the prayers. All denominations are represented and it is indeed a high-toned exercise for all in every moral and spiritual aspect.

Our readers will enjoy knowing that the mountaineers are very fond of music. They have had, and still have, under different competent teachers, an excellent orchestra, teachers and scholars working together; and the mountain voices are clear and resonant. Mrs. Patterson, Miss Larry, and now Miss Edwards have each shown what can be done with instruments and with the voice. The results are highly gratifying. Our college societies (two in number) appeal to the boys' love for debate. The students of the Newton



high school of Massachusetts and our young men will soon have a joint discussion of the important question—"Is a classical educational course an essential part of a college curriculum?" The Lincoln and Newton scholars will come together at Newton, Massachusetts, about the twenty-second or twenty-third of May. I am glad of this. I wish to see

the grand-children of those mountaineers whom Abraham Lincoln loved and trusted demonstrate their ability to cope with our New England youth, and show how worthy they are of all the contributions which the Eastern people have made and are making to their intellectual and industrial up-building.

Oliver Otis Howard  
 Maj - Gen. U. S. Army  
 (Retired)

## WIDOW MACHREE

By SAMUEL LOVER

**W**IDOW MACHREE! it's no wonder you frown —  
 Och hone, widow machree;  
 Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown —  
 Och hone! widow machree.  
 How altered your air,  
 With that close cap you wear  
 'Tis destroying your hair,  
 Which should be flowing free:  
 Be no longer a churl  
 Of its black silken curl —  
 Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, now the summer is come —  
 Och hone! widow machree —  
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?  
 Och hone! widow machree!

See the birds go in pairs,  
And the rabbits and hares —  
Why, even the bears  
Now in couples agree;  
And the mute little fish,  
Though they can't spake, they wish —  
Och hone! widow machree.

Widow machree, and when winter comes in —  
Och hone! widow machree —  
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
Och hone! widow machree.  
Sure the shovel and tongs  
To each other belongs,  
And the kettle sings songs  
Full of family glee;  
While alone with your cup,  
Like a hermit you sup,  
Och hone! widow machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld —  
Och hone! widow machree —  
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl'd,  
Och hone! widow machree!  
With such sins on your head,  
Sure your peace would be fled;  
Could you sleep in your bed  
Without thinking to see  
Some ghost or some sprite,  
That would wake you each night,  
Crying, "Och hone! widow machree!"

Then take my advice, darling widow machree —  
Och hone! widow machree —  
And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,  
Och hone! widow machree!  
You'd have me to desire  
Then to stir up the fire;  
And sure Hope is no liar  
In whispering to me,  
That the ghosts would depart  
When you'd me near your heart —  
Och hone! widow machree.

# THE HAWK AND THE CHICKEN

By GRIEG LAPHAM

DENVER, COLORADO

"**N**OW, Josiah," said Mrs. Britten as she handed Mr. Knapp his third cup of coffee, "it ain't that I don't believe in marrying more than once, me having had three husbands myself and I'm not saying but what I'd be willing to give up my freedom again if I felt it to be my duty, but to be outspoken as you know is my custom, what I object to is the one you've picked out to be your wife—if she will." Mrs. Britten spoke the last three words with an emphasis, and the old man opposite her moved uneasily in his chair.

Receiving no reply, she continued: "When sister Martha learned that she could live but a short time, she says to me, 'Jane, if Josiah marries again, as he's pretty liable to do, try to persuade him not to marry someone that can't cook.' That struck me as real generous and loving and thoughtful in Martha, to be thinking of another wife for you. So remembering her words, I've said what little I've said, and I'm going to say what little I've got to say, even if it does cause me a good deal of pain."

"Wal now, Jane," interrupted Josiah, "'pears to me the little you've said off and on's been a good deal. If it causes you so much pain, jes' drop the subject. I'm willin' you should."

But Mrs. Britten went on without heeding the interruption: "As I was saying, it's very unpleasant for me to speak to you on this subject, but my duty to my poor dead sister drives me to it. Why, Josiah, Mary herself told me she'd never made nothing but cake. Cake, Josiah, for a steady diet, and you so troubled with dyspepsy!

"Then, too, Mary's only a little girl, ain't nineteen yet, and here you're sixty-four. Yes you be, Josiah, and you don't

look a mite younger, either. Why on earth don't you ask somebody who's had experience in matrimony and cooking to be your wife? What do you find so attractive in a shy little girl like Mary, who can't even cook?"

"Wal, Jane," replied Josiah Knapp looking slyly at his sister-in-law, "don't you know that old hawks like young chickens?"

Mrs. Britten looked at him scornfully and said: "And don't you know, Josiah Knapp, that young chickens don't like old hawks?"

Josiah rose from the table and made his way toward the door. "But, Jane," he said, "the hawk often catches the chicken, eh?" And without waiting for a reply, he went out and started for the barn. But he paused for a moment or two at the flower bed, and, having selected the gayest blossom he could find, he drew it through his buttonhole.

Mrs. Britten watched him as he drove away, a few minutes later. Then she returned to her dish-washing. "I'm afraid," she said to herself with a sigh, "that Mary won't have the spirit and sense to refuse him. Her uncle and anut think it's a good match—and land knows it is, as far as money is concerned—and Mary's that soft and yielding she won't know how to refuse him, and then, poor child." But the tear she wiped from her eye was not a tear of sympathy for Mary. Mrs. Britten had had her own plans and hopes, and they seemed destined not to be realized.

While Josiah Knapp was driving the three miles that lay between his farm and that of George Hawkins, the uncle of Mary Durfee, he decided that some time during the day he would ask the girl to be his wife. He felt very sure that Mary would say yes, if for no other

reason than that she would not dare to say no. So cheerful and confident did he feel that he even whistled a little and impatiently urged on his horse. "Truly," he thought, "I feel quite young. This courtin' business makes one forget his years, and I'm pretty spry for my age, anyway, no matter what Jane Britten says."

But Mary was not in such a happy frame of mind. She didn't eat much breakfast, and her aunt feared she was "out of sorts." As soon as the meal was over Mrs. Hawkins said: "Now, Mary, hurry up and get ready. Josiah'll soon be here, and you know he's not one of the kind that likes to be kept waiting."

Mary obediently went to her room and donned her holiday attire. When she came back her uncle and aunt looked at her admiringly.

"My, but you look pert this mornin'," said Uncle George. "Josiah Knapp's a lucky man, I reckon."

"And you're a lucky girl, Mary Durfee," added her aunt, "It's not every girl that marries a man with as much money and as fine a farm and house as Josiah Knapp's got."

"I think," said Mary wearily, "that I'll go out and wait in the hammock until Mr. Knapp comes."

As she lay in the hammock looking up at the bits of cloudless sky which she could see through the maple leaves; as she drew in deep breaths of the rose-scented air, and listened to a catbird's morning song, she thought how happy she would be that lovely June morning if there were no Josiah Knapp with his money, fine farm and big house; if she were going to the farmers' picnic at Walled Lake with a certain other person who had enough money and a good enough farm and house and, besides, was young, handsome and nice.

But Mary had no thought of refusing Mr. Knapp when he should ask her to marry him, and she felt quite certain

that he would ask her that day. She was of a gentle, yielding nature and easily influenced and controlled by others. She might sometimes harbor a thought of defiance and disobedience, but when the time came for a decision some will stronger than her own decided for her. Now that both her uncle and aunt wanted her to marry Mr. Knapp, neither they nor she herself had any thought of a refusal.

Mary's reverie was broken by the sound of wheels. She sat up quickly and looked out toward the road. She expected to see Mr. Knapp, but it was Donald Richardson and his mother, who also were evidently going to the picnic. Donald bowed stiffly and raised his hat; Mrs. Richardson bowed deeply and called out: "Good morning, Mary."

"Poor little girl," she thought; and then, glancing at her son, who was looking straight ahead, his lips tightly pressed together, she added: "My poor boy!" and her eyes filled with tears."

Mary watched them until they were out of sight, and then sank back into the hammock. But she had only a few minutes to wait, for Mr. Knapp soon came. Mary went slowly out to the carriage and her aunt came hurrying from the house, carrying a large lunch basket.

"My, Josiah," said Mrs. Hawkins, "ain't this a fine day? I've put up a big lunch and a good one too, if I do say it. Hope you have a good time. Take good care of Mary. Expect I'll have more to say when you come home." She smiled knowingly at the old man, and then hastened back to the house.

As Mr. Knapp and Mary drove along the beautiful country road, he told stories, jokes and all the news, hardly stopping his flow of words, but she sat silent and sad, paying but little heed to what her companion was saying.

When they reached Walled Lake, a large number of farmers and their

families were already at the picnic grounds. Near the club house the ladies, assisted by a few of the men, were making preparations for the mid-day feast. A throng of happy children were wading near the shore or playing in the sand, and some of the young people were just starting off for that part of the lake where the water lilies grew.

"Wal, Mary," inquired Mr. Knapp, "shall we go after lilies or take a walk in the woods?"

"Just as you wish, Mr. Knapp," answered the girl submissively.

"I choose the woods, then. I ain't much at rowin'," he replied.

And so they turned away from the other picnickers and entered the wood. They walked along in silence beneath the great oaks until they came to a place where a number of the large trees had died, leaving a little space open to the sunlight, and here were several wild rose bushes, now covered with their delicate flowers. This struck Mr. Knapp as a suitable place for his declaration.

"Mary," he said.

The girl did not answer nor look up; she only clasped her hands tightly and waited for what she knew was coming.

"Mary," said Mr. Knapp again, and then, clearing his throat, he went on, "I ain't no hand at makin' fine speeches, but the fact is it's jes' like this: your uncle and aunt and me was talkin' matters over t' other night, and we thought 't would be a good plan for you and me to decide when we'd git married."

Poor Mary, this was very different from her girlish, romantic dreams. Why, he didn't even say that he loved her! But she could no longer resist the glance he fixed upon her and was compelled to look up into his small, gleaming eyes. Her lips moved in reply, but no sound came. She again tried to speak, but just then a stronger attraction drew her eyes

from Mr. Knapp's, and she looked over his shoulder.

There, on the edge of the open space, stood Donald Richardson. His hands were tightly clenched, his face very pale and his glowing, dark eyes looked both command and entreaty.

Mr. Knapp followed the direction of Mary's gaze and, seeing Donald, started in surprise and anger. Donald sprang forward and grasped the girl's arm, saying to her in a low, tense voice, "Mary, you must decide between us now."

The gentle, beautiful, easily influenced girl hesitated for a moment, wavering between the will-power and wishes of her uncle, aunt and Mr. Knapp on the one hand, and on the other Donald's will and love. Then, the deep pink flushing her pale cheeks, she swayed toward the young man, and he, with an exclamation of triumph and happiness, caught her in his arms.

Josiah Knapp, in rage and disappointment, hurried from the place. He was glad to be able to reach his horse without being observed, and hastily drove away.

A half-hour later Donald and Mary came forth from the wood. Leaving the girl, he hastened to the throng in front of the club house, and drawing his mother to one side, spoke rapidly to her for a few minutes. The expression of great surprise on Mrs. Richardson's face soon gave way to one of deep satisfaction. She stopped only long enough to hand over her task of lemonade-making to another, and then went to Mary and enfolded her in a motherly embrace. Then the two followed after Donald to the carriage and were soon on their way to Farmington, and there Donald and Mary were married that afternoon.

Mr. Knapp did not go straight home, but started for Johnson's Corners, some eight miles farther on, where Ephriam Smith lived. Smith owed him some money and Mr. Knapp felt that he was in a humor for abusing, knowing that



his debtor would, as usual, have nothing for him. His expectation that he would have opportunity to use abusive language was realized. This afforded considerable relief to the old man, and, also, as it was his custom to make the best of things, he left for home in a better mood.

He was trying to figure out some way by which he could escape Jane Britten's ridicule when a new thought came to him. "Strange I never thought of that before," he exclaimed out loud, slapping his leg, "and Jane's a blame good cook and tolerably comely, too."

The more he reflected upon the matter, the stronger grew his conviction that Jane Britten would be a most excellent wife. Also he became convinced that Jane's opposition to Mary had been because she was jealous of her. And so, when just at sunset he reached home, he was resolved at once to ask Jane to become his wife.

Upon entering the kitchen a most delicious mingling of odors greeted him. Evidently Mrs. Britten had spent most of the day cooking, as the table was covered with good things. And reflecting upon the fact that Mary could make nothing but cake, Josiah felt very certain that Jane was the wife for him. Just then she came into the room.

"Why, Josiah," she cried, back already! I didn't suppose you'd get back much before ten."

Mr. Knapp seated himself in one of the kitchen chairs, tilted back against the wall and then said, "Wal, Jane, the fact is, it's jes' like this: Mary and me decided we wasn't well mated. As I was comin' home, it came to me like a flash of lightnin' that you was the wife for me. I says to myself, 'I'll ask her jes' as soon as I git home.' You'll marry me, won't you, Jane?"

Mrs. Britten's face took on a most satisfied and contented expression. "Well, Josiah," she replied, "the truth is, I ain't a bit surprised at your asking

me; I felt mighty sure you would if Mary said no. I says to myself this morning as I was frying cakes, 'if Mary does say no to Josiah, he'll come right home and ask me, and I'll say yes.'

"You see it's like this," she continued, without giving the pleased old man a chance to say anything, "as you of course know, when William died six years ago this coming August he left nothing. All his money and all Mr. Green left me had been lost in that patent windmill scheme. It's my opinion, if it hadn't been for that fool windmill business William Britten would be living yet.

"But, as I was saying, I was left pretty near penniless. I found that I must make my own living, and, to be outspoken, as is my custom, it seemed to me that the only sensible thing I could do was to get married again, if the right man came my way. So when Andrew's wife died a year later, I says to myself, 'Jane, there's your chance.' You know William and Andrew were twins and just as like as two peas in a pod, except I must say Andrew's a little more practical and hasn't sunk his money in patent windmills.

"Now Andrew and I always did get along fine, and I felt pretty sure he'd be after me. But when two years had gone and he didn't come, I made up my mind that I had no chance there. So when Martha died and I began to keep house for you I'll confess I set my cap for you, Josiah, and for over a year I've been ready and waiting to say yes."

Mrs. Britten paused for breath, but not long enough to give Josiah an opportunity to speak. "Well, this morning, as I was frying the last of the cakes," Mrs. Britten continued hurriedly, "someone knocked at the door. I looked around kind of startled; thought it might be a tramp, there's been so many of them around here lately. But it wasn't no tramp, it was Andrew Britten. I was pretty much

surprised; hadn't seen him for nearly a year."

The expression on Josiah Knapp's face suddenly changed. He started to say something, but Jane did not give him a chance.

"'Come right in, Andrew,' says I, heartily, 'I'm sure glad to see you.' I told him to help himself to the cakes, and he ate them as if they tasted mighty good. He'd just finished the tenth one, I kept track out the corner of my eye, when he says all of a sudden, 'Will you have me, Jane?' I was that surprised it took my breath away, but I answered, quick as a wink, 'I will, Andrew.'"

Mrs. Britten paused, but Mr. Knapp did not speak, he did not even look up, but kept his gaze fixed upon the floor. After a few minutes Mrs. Britten continued: "I went over to Larkinses and had a talk with Sarah. I knew she was a good cook and one who'd keep things clean and in good order. Now that Sue's home, her mother can spare her, and she said she'd come tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow mornin', Jane?" asked the old man, suddenly looking up. "You ain't goin' right away, be you?"

Mrs. Britten nodded affirmatively.

She felt rather sorry for the old man, but yet, she reflected, it was his own fault and there was no one to blame but himself.

"Goin' right off all of a sudden, Jane?" the old man again asked. He was almost dazed by the turn affairs had taken.

"Yes, Josiah," she answered, "I expect Andrew will soon be here. He expected to be back by eight or nine. We're going to stop at Farmington on our way home and have Reverend Paxton marry us.

"And, Josiah, I was thinking after my talk with Sarah, that she'd make a mighty good wife for you. She ain't a girl, she'll never see thirty again, but then she's more of a girl by a good deal than me. She's red-headed and freckled, but I tell you, Josiah, Sarah Larkin's a fine cook and a good, steady, sensible woman.

"Listen! Yes, I thought so. Somebody's coming up the lane. It must be Andrew. . . . Come right in, Andrew. My trunk's all packed and Josiah'll help you carry it out. . . . Well, Josiah, take good care of yourself, and come over and see us when you can find time. Goodbye!"

## FRAGMENT OF SCOTCH SONG

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,  
The kettle-drums clashed and the horsemen rode on,  
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea  
Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;  
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;  
Come open your doors and let me gae free,  
For it's up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

—WALTER SCOTT

# A ROMANCE OF THE INDIAN TRAIL

By A. DECKER

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

THE Indian trail was the only highway through the pine forests when the government established a mail route from Green Bay to Lake Superior. The mail was carried by men on foot in Summer and with dog teams in Winter. Log houses, called stations, were established every thirty or forty miles. The route followed the Wolf and Wisconsin rivers for more than a hundred miles. Almost every river and canon of northern Wisconsin has its Indian trail, forgotten it may be by both white man and red, of this generation; trodden only by the berry-seeking bear, the timid deer and the migrating elk. These mail carriers were selected with great care. Only men accustomed to the wilderness and familiar with wild, frontier life were employed in this service; they were brave young men whose love of adventure principally led them away from their haunts of civilization and whose untamed nature found keen zest and enjoyment in the dangers and excitement of the border.

At the headwaters of the Wisconsin river, on the bank of a lake, the Hudson's Bay Fur Company had established a trading post. At this station and in their employ was a young man of more than ordinary ability. His dress was somewhat singular. His black, curling hair was parted in the middle and fell to his shoulders. He wore a tight frock of smoked deerskin, gaily ornamented with dyed porcupine quills. His moccasins and leggings were also gaudily decorated in the same manner and the latter had in addition a line of long fringe reaching down the seam. The tall form of Dan (for by that name we shall know him) was in the highest degree athletic and vigorous. There was no superfluity, and indeed there seldom

is among the active white men of the frontier. He was with some difficulty employed by the government to carry the mail from this station north to the Iron Range.

On one of his trips in the Fall, after a heavy rain, while following an Indian trail, he came to a sapling bent across his path, with a fresh blaze on the upper side. Dan could not only speak and understand the Chippewa language, but he knew the language of the trail—it meant "Turn here." He stopped and thought, but obeyed the signal, and turned from the trail. On reaching the river, he saw by its full banks that a friend and not an enemy had placed the signal on the trail, and that it would be impossible to cross on his accustomed log, as the water was sweeping entirely over it. He had not gone far up the stream when he saw an Indian canoe in a patch of wild rice. He called in the Chippewa language, and the canoe came slowly toward the shore, parting the wild rice, when he saw an Indian maiden wielding the paddle. She belonged to the Chippewa tribe, but had a light, clear complexion, and when she smiled two gleaming rows of white teeth were plainly visible. Her dress was a tunic of deerskin made beautifully white and ornamented with beads in figures more gay than tasteful. She readily consented to take him across the stream, and he was soon on his way to the Iron Range. On his return trip he found it very agreeable to ask and receive the same favor.

In all Dan's life no passion had entered his heart but the passion for the woods; nothing but things of the forest had found a welcome there. The river receded, and the regular route was resumed.

The Indian trail has immense value in the wilderness. It may be the thread on which a man's life hangs—through vast stretches of the North it was the only line of communication. No one man laid out these primitive paths. They are the result of the joint judgment of generations of men. They are a product of centuries of travel by the red men, who camped in the trackless wilderness many days in order that the trail should go right. These trails crossed the Range at just the proper point. The white hunter sees this; the engineer follows the hunter, and the palace car rolls after. The white man's trail is laid by the compass. The Indian laid his trail by the conjunction of the stars and the mountain peaks. It approaches a hillside with caution and follows a lakeside with leisure. There is no mark of the axe on such a trail. It is never direct, but always indirect. It alarms nothing—it woos every wild thing. It seems to love grass and water—it lingers by the side of sunlit streams and keeps close to the ripple of waves on the beaches of woodland lakes. All that nature has she shows to him who follows the Indian trail. She hides her choicest things from the railroad, the turnpike and the lane; to tread the trail is to be made reverend of nature.

All of Dan's taste inclined him to wild life, the great silence of the deep solitude fed his lonely soul with the food it loved. The deep pine forest, though a wilderness, was thickly peopled. The grass on all the terraces was trampled down by deer; there were numerous tracks of wolves and bears along the streams.

The wild animals were companions to him; he never felt alone when they were about him, and he looked upon them as something belonging peculiarly to himself. When the deep snows came, as he was returning from the Iron Range with his dog team, he found

a deer close by the trail partly devoured by the wolves. Securing a heavy trap from the Fur company, he set it beside the carcass. On his return the next day, he found a large gray wolf in the trap; being without gun or other weapon, he found it not easy to kill the wolf with a club, and in a short, fierce fight he received a severe wound in the foot. On reaching the station his wound was so painful that he found it impossible to make his regular trip with the mail. He was very much worried. He remembered that the Indian girl, woman-like, always had a way out of every difficulty. He sent for her, and she was not long in solving the problem. "I will take your dog team and carry the mail to the Iron Range and return," she said, with perfect confidence in her ability to make the trip. She continued the work, making five round trips requiring ten days, before Dan was able to resume.

Spring came and the wave of civil war rolled over the nation. Dan had been driving his dog team through the pine forests in the interest of peace and now he went off to drive his war horse in battle armed with gun and sabre. The mail carrier faded from the trail and passed into history. The trail became grass-grown and the abandoned stations stood like ghosts of silent cities. At the close of the Rebellion, Dan returned to southern Wisconsin, where he resolved to engage in farming and be as good a citizen as he had been a soldier.

But in the Spring when the wild geese in long, double-arrow-headed procession went clanging northward, he longed to go too. He could not understand why he was so stirred. There were voices that he could not read. He only longed to get away. The north woods were calling him. The pine trees were beckoning to him. The primitive man leaped to the surface. He felt that he must go where he might sleep within the vigil of the stars and wake with the

scent of the fern and the moss, the pine and the cedar strong in his nostrils. He longed for the soft pressure of the velvet moss under his feet, for the mysterious whisper of the boughs overhead, for the murmur and ripple of the soft stream, for the spicy odor of the pines. He wanted again to tramp over rock and log and moss, to sleep on cedar boughs and eat corn pone and venison.

Dan wandered northward up the Wisconsin river, passing towns and hamlets, seeking the loneliest ways and days, through thickening woods and walls that neared each other, then widened out into a little dale that was full of forest trees, hemlock, pine, birch and elm of the largest size. The red squirrels chattered from their branches; in the mud along the stream were tracks of coon and mink in abundance, and the hardy northern song-birds sang their sweetest, solemn strains in the golden twilight of the midday forest. Here was his little kingdom—the wild geese had brought him here, as the seagulls had brought Columbus to a new world, where he could lead the woodland life that was his ideal.

As he footed it softly along the path, there rose within his lonely heart the sweet expectancy of anticipations, that gentle warmth that is wont to steal into our veins on the eve of a new and untried experience, and this certainly was to be an experience for Dan. Twilight had faded as he climbed the bluffs and came out on the broad prairie of the reservation, and finally reached the Indian village in a grove of giant pines. Here he received a hearty welcome. The camp-fire was blazing bright and he took his place in the large circle around the crackling, sparkling embers. He bestowed more than one longing look of interest upon the slow-dying fire, with its big circle of firelit faces, and listened with a strange fascination to the weird croonings of Indian melodies that rose and fell in a minor key. Dan

was intently watching for a familiar figure, the Indian maiden who had befriended him in so many ways; as the evening wore on, the big, yellow moon came up and, rising higher and higher, silvered the atmosphere with its soft light. The fire sank lower and lower, leaving but a dull glow of dying embers. The singing gradually subsided and there, across from him, where the moonlight had just come stealing its way through an opening in the trees, he saw her leaning against the trunk of a fir tree, one arm thrown around it for support. Her dark eyes were open wide, intent upon the group of young folks at one side of the fire. As Dan saw her now she looked much older, even taller, less like the child she had seemed at first. Her face was oval, not round like that of the reservation girl, and was smoothed into a half-pensive expression of thoughtfulness that was given added meaning by her intelligent eyes. Just as Dan was peering around the fire at her, yearning to get a closer look, the voice of her mother called out from within the tent. Reluctantly she gathered her shawl about her and walked slowly to the tent.

Before Dan went to his bed that night he decided to go up to the spring at the head of the brook to get a cool drink. As he walked along the hum of many insects sounded strange in his ears. The calm night air felt balmier than ever and the moonlight was never brighter. The next night, after the campfire had died out, Dan went up to the spring as before, only this time the Indian girl went with him. It was too dark for any of the Indians lingering around the campfire to see the light in the girl's eyes or the glow on her cheeks, or the peculiar combination of pride and tenderness that lighted up the features of the man. They returned with a pail of water and carried it to the tent of her parents. None of the campfire folks knew just what was said



inside while Dan talked with the old people, but in a few days Dan took his dusky bride and started down the Wisconsin river in a large birch-bark canoe, and was soon back in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. Happiness and content came to them both, and when the first-born brightened the sunshine of their lives the Indian woman

in her motherly pride informed Dan that their boy was to be a medicine man when he grew up. That seemed to be the highest attainment her boy could reach, to be a benefactor to the race: but the son is a lawyer and highly respected and the aged father and mother are still living at the edge of the pine forest.

## THE FUNERAL OF BONAPARTE SMITH

By RICHARD S. GRAVES

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

THEY were both lawyers and had practiced a lifetime in the same courts, on opposite sides of cases; therefore they were enemies. The bitterness that sometimes exists between men had developed early into open and avowed enmity between Colonel Elias Tomlinson and Bonaparte Smith. The hatred each had for the other was of such a fierce and malignant nature that it was always uppermost in their minds, and they never failed to make it unpleasantly apparent whenever they came in contact.

Bonaparte Smith was tall and of heavy frame, with a short, drooping mustache and a head almost bereft of hair. His eyes appeared to be swimming in his head, and they looked at everything in an uncertain way. His enemy often referred to him as a sheep in wolf's clothing.

Colonel Tomlinson was tall and angular. His head was covered by a thick growth of iron gray hair and his long mustache curled upward. Unlike Bone Smith, he was always scrupulously clean, though his clothes were often threadbare. Whether sober or drunk, there was a genteel air about him which Bone Smith did not possess, nor could he assume it in his soberest moments, and

this difference in their conditions augmented their hatred of each other.

To Colonel Tomlinson's way of thinking the world recognized the difference between them as being in his favor, placing him in a sphere above that of his enemy. To Bone Smith's way of thinking, the colonel was trying to carry the airs of an aristocrat in his old age, and in spite of his poverty; while he called himself one of the common people. They taunted each other with all the harmless arguments that could be brought to bear upon these points, for their long years of enmity had, by its peculiar incidents, brought them into close relationship.

Another generation of lawyers had long since grown up and taken the places of Bone Smith and Colonel Tomlinson at the bar, and this new generation had refused to continue recognizing them as the able lawyers they, once had been, chiefly on account of their inebriety. They scorned the younger generation, with its rush of business and quick-witted ways, but this was a bond of sympathy between them which they dared not openly recognize.

The practice of the two aged lawyers was limited to the courts of justices of the peace, and their incomes to such

fees as were paid by their friends of earlier days who had not yet gone the way of all mankind, and who found it necessary to go into court on rare occasions.

From the once heavy practice of his profession, Colonel Tomlinson had saved but little, and Bone Smith, who had never known any other than a hand-to-mouth existence, was almost wholly without means in his old age. The world had pushed them aside in its rush, leaving them to loiter as they would, and such attentions as they had to bestow must be bestowed upon each other.

Bone Smith, drunk and on the verge of delirium tremens, appeared out of place at Gleason's, where the mahogany bar and tall mirrors contrasted with his shabby attire. Under similar conditions Colonel Tomlinson was very much at home, for his polished manners were with him always.

Colonel Tomlinson had a way of reaching out for a drink that was graceful up to almost the last stages. When he walked up to the end of the bar, opposite which he and Bone Smith invariably sat, he would wave his long arm above it in a commanding way and as his tapering fingers touched its polished surface they would close slowly, as though about to grasp the heavy-bottomed tumbler from which he drank. No bartender at Gleason's ever misunderstood Colonel Tomlinson's signal more than once. The hand that poured out the whiskey sometimes trembled, but it seldom spilled a drop.

Before he drank, Colonel Tomlinson would turn half around, so that Bone Smith, with his chair tipped against the wainscoting, came within range of his vision. The colonel's remarks always depended upon the number of drinks he had taken, and the bartender never waited to hear them. The bartenders at Gleason's had heard Colonel Tomlinson's remarks many times before, from the first drink to the hour when he went

unsteadily out at the front door and up the street toward his room.

"Back in Kentucky, suh," he would say, "they have drinking places like this where only gentlemen are allowed to enteh the doah," and then he would jerk his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Bone Smith as he turned and lifted the glass to his lips.

Bone Smith generally approached the bar after the colonel had taken his seat and tilted his chair against the wall. He turned his hand palm upward and crooked his finger at the bartender as a signal that the bottle and glass should be set out for him.

"It's a good thing for some people that they've got pride left," he would say to the bartender, who never paid the slightest attention to him, "for that is all they have got." After he had taken a drink he would turn and glare at Colonel Tomlinson.

Their nights at Gleason's were not always quiet, for sometimes they did not confine themselves to insulting remarks. Once the colonel told Bone Smith he would challenge him, but for the fact that he was beneath the notice of a gentleman, and Bone Smith drew a knife. They had angry words day after day, and bickerings night after night, with never a reconciliation. It was a ceaseless warfare they carried on, as lasting as it was harmless. The quarrel that began in their first suit at court did not end while they lived.

One morning Colonel Tomlinson went into Gleason's for a drink on his way to breakfast. It was cold, and he shivered as he lifted the glass to his mouth.

"Bone Smith is dead," said the bartender as Colonel Tomlinson set the glass down. "He was found dead in his bed this morning."

The colonel looked at him with a start and asked what he had said. After the bartender had repeated the statement the colonel sat down in his accustomed

chair at the end of the bar and remained there a long time, looking straight ahead and seeing nothing. When he arose the bartender whirled the glass toward him on the bar, but the colonel shook his head and went out.

There was no pride in Colonel Tomlinson's gait as he went up the street. He walked to Bone Smith's room, where the coroner was viewing the remains. There was a look of surprise on the faces of the coroner and undertaker as he entered. He bared his head and looked down on the dead face of his enemy. He noted for the first time that it bore lines of care and trouble, and there was a tenderness about the mouth which the colonel wondered how he had failed to notice when Bone Smith was alive.

"Here is a letter," said the coroner, speaking to nobody in particular, "which says his son has been sent to the penitentiary in a distant state. I suppose that accounts for his death." Then turning to the undertaker he gave directions about the funeral, and Colonel Tomlinson caught the words: "In the potter's field, at the expense of the city."

Colonel Tomlinson stumbled down the dust-begrimed stairway and went to his own room, where he sat with his head in his hands. An hour later he went to the corner of the room and opened an old trunk, taking from it a package which he emptied upon the table. He counted the money it contained, threw the wrappings away, and in a few moments stood before the undertaker who was to bury Bone Smith.

Carriages followed the hearse to the cemetery the next day, and the old lawyer was buried in a casket instead of a cheap, pine box. A preacher stood at the head of the open grave and

prayed. An oak tree spread its branches over the spot and not far away stood the monuments of those who had been the clients of Colonel Tomlinson and Bone Smith earlier in their lives.

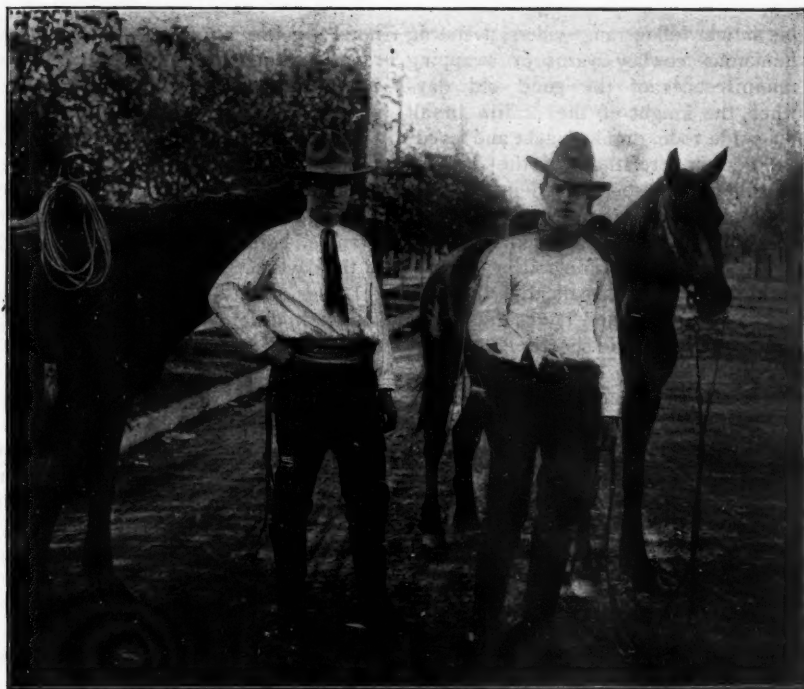
That night Colonel Tomlinson went back to Gleason's. He tilted his chair against the wall and did not take a drink until past midnight. When he leaned against the bar the bartender was surprised to see him slide a twenty-dollar gold piece across it, for it had been years since Colonel Tomlinson was known to have that much money at one time. The bartender did not know it was the last of a sum the colonel had sacredly laid away years before, when he was prosperous, to pay his own funeral expenses.

The colonel drank frequently after that and was soon in such a condition that it was considered unsafe to start him home alone. Toward morning he arose and walked unsteadily up to the bar, the usual sneering smile on his face. He felt for the glass with the same graceful sweep of the hand and poured out a drink.

"Back in Kentucky, suh," he said, leaning his elbow on the bar and turning his face half over his shoulder in the direction of Bone Smith's chair.

But he stopped suddenly as his eyes looked upon the vacant seat. The glass fell from his fingers and the whiskey was spilled on the bar. Colonel Tomlinson resumed his seat.

In a short time daylight crept in through the windows and the barkeeper turned out the lights. He noticed that Colonel Tomlinson was still asleep, and going over to him shook his shoulder. The hat fell from his head, revealing a pallid face and eyes that were wide open and staring, glazed by the hand of death.



RUSSELL, THE "COWBOY ARTIST," AND COBURN, THE "COWBOY POET"

## CHAS. M. RUSSELL, THE COWBOY ARTIST

By WALLACE D. COBURN

Author of "Rhymes From A Round-up Camp"  
GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

**C**HARLES M. RUSSELL, the cowboy artist of Montana, easily holds first place as a reproducer of western scenes, his specialty being cowboy and Indian life. In fact, he stands alone in that kind of work, and when he leaves the world of art his departure will mark the passing of the wild and woolly West as it really was during its palmy days, and posterity will know the true cowboy only through Russell's pictures of this picturesque and dashing ruler of America's great plains.

To know the cowboy artist means

a streak of good fortune not often to be enjoyed in this busy, money-seeking present day—for in him you meet a character refreshing and decidedly original.

A stalwart champion of the West with all its charm of newness, beauty and freedom, grand mountains and vast prairies, Russell loves his work as do few enthusiasts of the brush and palette. He is a natural artist, being self-taught during his leisure hours on the cattle ranges.

A good comrade, he is never happier than when in company with some of

his former fellow range riders, narrating humorous cowboy yarns or swapping reminiscences of the good old days when the knight of the prairie in all his pride rode, drank, fought and loved, as did his forefathers of the days of chivalry, who also believed in "a short life and a merry one."

With his silver-mounted spurs a-jingle, bit and headstall flashing silver, twenty-eight-inch tapaderos dusting the tops of the sage brush and bunch grass, and his ivory-handled six-shooter hanging at a rakish angle, in order to be handily pulled in an event requiring quick action, the cowpuncher was without a flaw, a unique character, and Russell places him on canvas just exactly as he lived in all his wild-and-woolliness.

In the drawings of eastern artists and illustrators, which we see every day, there seems to prevail a ridiculous but popular idea that the cowpunchers wear their hair sweeping their shoulders, fierce mustachios, fringed buckskin leggings, sleeves rolled to the elbows, gun hanging in a buttoned holster on the left side in close company with a giant bowie-knife,—making up a specimen of humanity never seen outside of some gory tragedy of the stage.

Russell's Indians, cowmen, buffaloes, western horses and scenery are all just as nature made them and not the creation of a reckless imagination.

The excellence of the cowboy artist's work derives from the fact that he possesses an intimate knowledge of the life and scenes he depicts.

Charles M. Russell was born in St. Louis in 1867 and spent the tender years of his youth in that city. He wandered to Montana in 1883, his main object being to win fame and fortune on the trail of the "long-horn"; but he learned that his chosen vocation was not all sunshine and pleasant dreams, and not a few times he found his pockets unweighted by coin of the realm. However, he managed always to own a good

horse or two on which to drift from range to range, for, as he aptly puts it, "A good, steady job was not always staring a man in the face."

His first drawing was done with a common lead pencil for the amusement of himself and his companions on the round-up. Russell would "night-wrangle" horses in order to get to sketch in the daytime.

Little attention was attracted by his work in art until one day during the long, severe Winter of 1886, Russell drew, at one of the camps on the Musselshell of the \*—R (Bar R)—outfit the picture entitled "The Last of 5,000; or, Waiting for a Chinook." The drawing was sent to his employers in Helena, establishing his standing as an artist of no mean ability.

Two years were spent by him living with and studying the Blood Indians in the Northwest Territory, and some time was pleasantly passed hunting and studying wild animals in the Judith Basin, in Montana, living with Jakey Hoover, an old trapper.

Finally, in 1892, he quit round-up life and commenced painting for a living, establishing himself in Great Falls, Montana, and although red had been his favorite town color, he learned to use various hues. He still resides at Great Falls, but now in comfort with a cherished wife to share his success.

Barb-wire fences, sheep and the gradual settling up of the country are sources of sorrow to the cowboy artist, and he longs for the days of the vast trail herds when you could ride straight across country to the music of the buffalo wolves and the tom-tom of the Indian sun-dance, with nothing but nature's handiwork to attract the eye and tickle the heart-strings.

On his lawn stands a quaint cabin with its old-fashioned fireplace, stone floor, log walls covered with Indian and cowboy relics, game heads and other reminders of the past. This is where





St Louis Mo  
Nov 14 1903

Friends  
I'm in  
Missouri

When It comes to  
being dressy  
I'm all there is  
to it

I got Cut Bank  
Brown beat a mormon block  
Your friend  
C M Russell



RUSSELL'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, DRAWN DURING A VISIT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS, FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF HIS FRIENDS, AT HOME

he does all his work, and it seems a fit studio for the cowboy artist.

Russell is an inimitable story-teller, with a great sense of humor, having the happy faculty of making any kind of a tale extremely funny by his original way of telling it.

Russell, the successful artist, dresses in the same way as did Russell the

cowboy—his costume including at all times a light, broad-brimmed hat, high-heel boots and flannel shirt, while a sash encircles his waist, the wearing of which is a peculiar style, only going to show one of his many original ideas.

May Russell live and paint for many, many snows is the heart-felt wish of all lovers of his art.

## A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

By WALLACE D. COBURN

(From "Rhymes From A Round-up Camp")

**D**ON'T marry a girl with dark blue eyes,  
Whose love, the bards say, never dies;  
Their minds are narrow, their hearts are small,  
Their natures composed of unlimited gall.

Beware of the girl with eyes of gray,  
For when you're wed she'll want full sway  
Of your business affairs, and will also use  
Your hat, necktie and, perhaps, your shoes.

Avoid the girl with the soft, brown eye;  
They're all coquettes of the deepest dye.  
So watch yourself when one you meet,  
For, as downright flirts, they can't be beat.

All black-eyed girls be sure to shun;  
They cause most evil now-days, son.  
In fact, if this life you would enjoy,  
Stay single as long as you can, my boy.

# KING IRNO'S QUEST

By EMMA C. DOWD

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

**K**ING IRNO lay on his carven bed,  
Tapestried hangings at foot and head;  
No softer couch could skill devise,  
Yet it brought not sleep to the monarch's eyes.  
He was weary of feast, he was weary of dance,  
Of his gilded palace and park's expanse;  
He was weary of battles and gory fields,  
Of drums and trumpets and blazoned shields;  
Long were the days, long were the nights;  
His pampered fancy craved new delights.  
He thought, as he lay there, restless and sad:  
"There is never a pleasure I have not had,  
No beautiful thing in the world lack I,  
For there's nothing my riches will not buy;  
But every day wears the selfsame hue—  
I would give my kingdom for something new!"  
At last he slept, and his mind had range  
Through a land that was pleasant and vast and strange,  
And he saw, amid treasures of rarest worth,  
An angel weighing the things of earth.  
All things charming and good were there,  
All things costly and rich and fair,  
Stones most precious and crowns of gold,  
Diamonds—all that the scale could hold.  
Yet a single star of transcendent light,  
Whose radiance dazzled King Irno's sight,  
Held down the scale on the nearer side,  
Outweighing all else of earth's wealth and pride.  
Then spoke the king, in his kingly way:  
"What name has this wonderful jewel, pray?  
So matchless a gem I must call my own;  
Naught will content me but this alone.  
The price, good sir? Whatever it be,  
To the half of my kingdom, I offer thee."  
"Nay," said the angel; "this shining star  
Is a beautiful soul without stain or mar,  
And a beautiful soul is a priceless thing  
That cannot with gold have reckoning."  
"Then prowess must earn this gem divine,"  
King Irno cried, "and the prize is mine!  
In sport or in arms I have never a peer;  
Set me a task!—I know not fear!"

But the angel answered, with saddening face:  
"He only may bear this star of grace,  
On earth below, or in heaven above,  
Who bestows on his fellows the gift of love."  
Then King Irno swore and cursed his birth;  
For he loved no man in all the earth.

The years flew fast, and King Irno's land  
Was besieged by a mighty and cruel band.  
Long was the struggle; at terrible cost  
Was the country held, until all was lost;  
With brave men's blood the streams ran red,  
And women and children wept for the dead.  
King Irno's glory passed away,  
As melts the frost in the sun's fierce ray,  
And the vanquished monarch, heavy with woe,  
Wandered a fugitive, to and fro.  
One night he traversed a mountain road,  
Far from the shelter of man's abode;  
Sharp was the wind, and the merciless sleet  
Over his thin-cloaked shoulders beat.  
The darkness thickened, the storm grew wild,  
When he met in his pathway a little child;  
White were its garments with drifted snow,  
And its eyes shone out with a tender glow;  
Tangled curls blew about its face,  
And it begged for bread with a piteous grace.  
King Irno lifted the baby form,  
And strove its shivering limbs to warm,  
And, shielding it from the cruel gust,  
He put in its hand his one, last crust.  
In the cleft of a rock they slept, at last,  
While the snow fell thick in the shrieking blast.  
The beggar-king and the child on his breast,  
And long and sweet was King Irno's rest.  
He dreamed of his suffering's swift surcease,  
Where all was glory and all was peace,  
And he heard a Voice like music roll,—  
"Lo, it is thine—the beautiful soul."

Centuries' winds have rocked and fanned  
The ruined walls of King Irno's land;  
But still has love its glad, sweet birth  
In nights of tempest and days of dearth.  
Man gains by troublous ways his goal,  
And wins through sorrow a beautiful soul.

## MILKING THE COWS     ♪     By J. F. Conrad

**D**ID you ever lay your hand on the corrugated side of a strange cow and say "so-o-o?" Probably not. Well, it takes nerve and a good deal of psychological research, and then it won't work satisfactorily every time. A man may have been raised on a farm, and stuck at it all his life, never aspiring to be anything greater than a grand juror; and yet, when ushered into the presence of a strange cow, a close observer can detect a lack of confidence in each other. (That is, the strange cow and the farmer.) This lack of confidence often grows into complete estrangement, and, if the hired man is not on hand, more than once mother has had to break the beast in.

Some years before I commenced working out my poll tax, my parents decided to send me away to college. The only excuse they could offer for their conduct was their opinion that I would never amount to anything on the farm; and I guess they were right, for I never could work myself into the confidence of the stock. Somehow, whenever I tried to turn over a new leaf, and decided to do some more work, and be of general use to my folks even if I did get milk on my boots, and in pursuance of the above mentioned resolution entered the cow yard with the fixed determination to make the beasts "give down," for the life of them they could not, somehow, contain their mirth. First one cow and then another would look at me in kind of a brazen manner, then turn and look at the rest and wink. A cow can look about as coarse and vulgar and immodest, when she is taking an inventory of a fellow, as any creature that walks. After they would have a good time with me in this manner, they would grow rude, and work themselves into a hilarious mood; then they would throw off all reserve and paw up the earth and stick their horns in the ground

and make a most disgusting effort to stand on their heads. A fellow who will take all this without getting angry and trying to chastise the herd with a neck-yoke will never need the refining influence of religion.

One time, when I was home on a vacation, our nearest neighbor had occasion to be away for a few days, and he asked me if I would do the milking for him while he was gone. There was nothing in it for me. That is probably why I agreed to do it. Whenever anyone wants to hire me to do something for him, I feel as though I had the right to refuse. But if he wants me to do it for accommodation I never know just how to get out of it. Anyway, I always promise, and trust Providence to get me out of it when the time comes. I subscribed to various church funds on this same theory, and, as often as I have been fooled by Providence, I am still at it.

Yes, I promised, without hesitancy or reservation, to do the milking for him. He wasn't going away for a week, and just think of the chances for something turning up, so I would not have to do it at all! But afterward it occurred to me that I was under no obligations to him whatever. I even remembered that he had tried to discourage my folks and persuade them not to send me away to college. He was a plain-spoken man of strong prejudices, and, for some reason, he failed to grasp the length and breadth of my intellect. I tried to turn round for him once when I was helping him haul in hay; but, as usual, the team lost confidence in me and upset the wagon, and, with the idea of "killing two birds with one stone," they broke out the wagon tongue at the same time. This took place on the top of an exceptionally tall hill, and the hay slid down like an avalanche and brought up at the bottom in a twisted mass that looked cute, I



thought. It struck me as being worth a day's wages to see it slide, so I laughed and was exceedingly amused; but when I failed to hear his coarser laugh seconding mine, with a smile still on my features I looked around, and he was just on the point of sticking his pitchfork way into me. I have sometimes thought that this may have had something to do with his opinion that it was a waste of time to send me away to college. In his frank, open way he advised the folks that if they were bent on sending me away to an institution of learning, to have me study medicine or fit myself to be a grand juror. He had been foreman of a grand jury one wet Spring, when it wasn't fit to farm, and he kept it in session until the country ran out of blank indictments; then he reluctantly quit. He was a queer man and outspoken, and, maybe, a trifle coarse; for he said a man could make a bigger success in this life on less mental capital, in the practice of medicine than in any other profession. Yes, he was, undoubtedly, just a little coarse. But when the time came for me to do the milking, and Providence had failed me, as usual, my father convinced me that it was my plain duty to carry out my agreement; then see if I could keep from making a fool of myself the next time.

I, Jonas Huxtable, was quite a distinguished character, you might say, in that locality, and when I made some fool break with a team or fell off a horse, I was pointed out as the fellow that had been sent away to college; but it never struck me that the advertisement was just in the proper spirit. I went to a spelling school once about that time. I remember: there I was like an inspired idiot, dressed up in my best clothes and had on a butterfly tie. The other boys came just as they had finished up their chores. I was marked. But that is the way with a college boy from the country. He gets

the idea in his head that he is going to be educated right away, and that when he comes home he ought to show it. Two of the boys chose up for a final test of strength, so to speak; it must have been out of pure maliciousness. Anyhow, one of the leaders chose me first. Now, I never would spell just according to the ordinary rules laid down by N. Webster. I am too original for that. So, when the malicious villain who was giving out sang out to me the word pickle, I was agitated. I was looking for a much harder word. Now, up to that time, I didn't know whether it was spelled p-i-c-k-l-e or o-l. So I hope to be convicted of arson in the thirty-second degree, if I didn't wind that word up with an o-l. Every kid in the house commenced to snicker, then it was taken up by others. Finally it grew contagious, and old men and old women who couldn't have spelled pickle with the book open took it up, and if you will allow me to cull a figure of speech from the less refined vocabulary of our own national genius, they did not do a thing to me. For fear there are some who will think that the last clause in the foregoing sentence is not up to my standard, I will say that it is taken largely from "Micawber." Those old people not only laughed, but they howled and shrieked and fell off the benches. I knew I had blundered, and I tried to look dignified and unconcerned, but as I remember it now, it was a sorry effort. I knew I was red in the face, and my necktie was climbing up over my collar, and I was a sad, sad sight. I remember, while standing there sweating and suffering, I started in to conjugate the Greek verb "luo" in my mind, just to convince myself that I was not altogether a plum fool. The teacher tried to preserve order in a measure, but he had never been to college, either, and it was hard for him to conceal his mirth and instead of quieting the riot he seemed to help it along.

Finally, I made a break for the door and got out. By common impulse the school broke up. The lane was too close for me, so I started for home across the fields. After I had gone about a half a mile I stopped to listen. It was in the middle of a cornfield. It was one of those still nights. And while I stood there I could hear the farmers driving home from the spelling school. Away off to the west, about a mile or two, I would hear some farmer break out in a loud laugh; then it would be taken up by the others in the wagon and would go reverberating for miles, it seemed to me. Then away over, a mile or two to the east, the same thing would be repeated, until finally, in every direction, above the rattle of the wagons, could be heard the coarse, rough laugh of the farmer and the milder soprano of the girls, mingled with the boisterous, cynical, irritating laugh of the hired man. And that wasn't all. Every cur in the neighborhood seemed to join in and lend his blessed voice to swell the hilarity. All the geese within three miles crawled out from under barns and sheds and similar things and commenced their infernal squawking, as if they had an idea it was really the "Coming of the Morn." A low, coarse mule away off south set up his everlasting "haw, yaw, yaw," bent on being in at the finish with the hired man. If it hadn't been for a few drawbacks, and I had had anything to do it with, I would have sacrificed my own life on that night. But, instead, I took a club and beat down about ten rods of wire fence.

But on that evening when I went over to do the milking for our neighbor, I was feeling rather good. I could remember lots of things I had learned at college, hosts of irregular verbs and prepositions that had a kind of an arbitrary way of yanking a noun out of its customary case, and placing it where it looked strained and unnatural. The hopes I had centered in me were never

higher than on that evening; and it would only be a week or two until I would go back to college again. I found a hen setting in the smartweed, by an old log, as I went over. She had thirteen eggs, and it struck me, had she been human she would have laid another one. Not exactly that, but that idea.

The first cow I milked acted beautifully. She "gave down" in such a friendly, unsolicited manner, that she won me completely. But there was something about the next cow that aroused my suspicions, and made me feel uncomfortable. She was a square-built cow, with prominent hip bones and a slight bow in the back. Her horns were inclined to curl. She had a high, intellectual forehead, but absolutely no back head, to speak of. It was plain to be seen that she didn't care a cuss about a family and had no strong ties of friendship for any living thing; but was sordidly selfish and cynically inclined. But there was a look about the eyes that impressed you with the belief that she had suffered; that she had met with some great disappointment. You feel sorry for her at first; but this will wear off in time. She had large, irregular hock joints, and probably the rest of the herd had made fun of her, and soured her disposition. Still, if there is anything in phrenology, she was a dead wrong cow from the start, and I ought to have known it. It has always been my theory never to let a cow see that you are afraid of her, for if you do it is "goodbye John."

With an assumed air of confidence, and maybe she knew it, I took my stool in hand and proceeded to milk her. Everything went all right for a few minutes, and I began to think that I had misjudged her, and was relenting, when, without a moment's warning, without any effort to get the range, without the aid or consent of any "board of strategy," she tore loose with her right, and you could tell in a minute that she

was the best in her class. She struck that bucket just below the milk line, and about a gallon of the aforesaid lacteal fluid, in its natural state, slid up the side of the bucket nearest me, slid out of the same and on, on up my shirt bosom, lifting my chin a fraction and forming in a French twist on the back of my neck. After that she ran about fifty feet, stopped and looked around to see what havoc she had wrought. I was pale—with milk and madness. My first idea was to kill the brute; and I made a mental calculation how long it would take me to pay for her. Now, there are some people who would have gone up to her and in an injured tone, reasoned with her and tried to show her wherein she was wrong. I didn't. I took a club. I even spit on my hands, and I walked up to that cow, selected my point of attack, and struck her my best 179 times. Then I drew off and surveyed the result. I am here to say that I had done all this without making any impression on her works. When I halted she seemed surprised. Now during my attack she had not moved, but stood braced, like she was expecting more than she got. As I was about tired out, I concluded to try her once more. For awhile she stood as quiet as a cow in a picture; but I wasn't just satisfied with the way she chewed her cud.

Just as my conscience was commencing to hurt me a trifle, on account of the beating I had given her, she opened on me again with the same leg. This time her range was a little high; her foot grazed the top of the bucket, and how it happened I don't know, but in some way the bail of the bucket slipped up over the hoof and on up over that immense knee joint (or whatever the proper name is) and there it hung. During all this time the other cows were watching like interested spectators. They were expecting a good time; but they hadn't calculated on the picnic and

free excursion that was coming. For one brief instant the brute turned and gazed at what she had caught, then she let forth a kind of wail, shook herself and started in a mad race around the two-acre lot. As she ran the bucket would swing 'round and 'round her leg; then, as if to vary the thing, it would slide up and down above her knee; while ever and anon a dash of milk would go sailing o'er her back and fill her ears. On! on! she rushed, with her eyes sticking out like two strawberries on the top of a piece of shortcake. Over logs and stumps and cattle troughs and troughs for hogs she sped, until she had completed the circuit of the lot. Not another cow had moved, but all were "too full for utterance." Each stood with open mouth, as if to laugh, had nature come to the front with the right kind of an epiglottis. As she completed the second circuit of the lot, one old cow, who couldn't stand it any longer, gave a yell, or as near to one as a cow can come to it, and started in the race. This party of the second part was a joker from 'way back, and as she ran she made a stab at some pumpkins in an old wagonbed, and, as luck would have it, impaled one that our neighbor was going to take to town and get a suit of clothes on as a first or second prize. With this pumpkin on her horns, she sailed on after the party of the first part and 'round the lot they went, like old Neptune himself was driving them (that is, if he ever drove cattle.) But like all shows, it let out. The pumpkin bursted and the bucket bail gave way. The party of the first part then came 'round to me, as much as to say: "You go ahead with your rat-killing. I can put up a pretty good style of punishment myself, but this new kind of chastisement you have is too much for yours truly."

From that day on she was never known to raise a leg against any man.



## A TALK ABOUT SHRUBS

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

**F**LOWERING shrubs are among the most valuable plants we have, and by careful selection, coupled with attention to their needs, it is possible to have a collection which will furnish blooming specimens from earliest Spring until late Fall.

Some people prefer to let a shrub make its natural growth with no attempt to force a more symmetrical form; others prefer a more compact and shapely bush and not infrequently sacrifice its blooming force in the attempt to attain it, through ignorance of the proper time to prune.

No one need ask when to prune a certain shrub, if its blooming season is known. Take, for example, the common lilacs and snowballs, which are just out of bloom, and we know that the buds which appeared before the leaves were grown must have been formed while the bush was in a growing condition last year. Knowing this, it is easy to understand why these and all early flowering shrubs, should be pruned soon after their blooming season is over, thereby forcing the growth of an increased number of new branches, in the tip of each of which nature will

store a blossom that will remain dormant through the Winter and come forth with the first warm days of Spring.

Roses, hydrangeas and other shrubs which bloom in mid-Summer or Fall may, as a rule, be pruned in early Spring because their blooms are borne on the season's growth of wood, and every branch a plant can be forced to throw out when the season's growth begins forms a blooming point.

To prune, or not to prune, is largely a matter of taste and location of the shrub, but cultivation and fertilization are necessities if best results are to be obtained. Barn-yard manures will furnish all the needed elements of growth, and those who have it will naturally use it; if a fertilizer must be purchased the commercial brands are more desirable, because, while furnishing the same elements, they do not produce a crop of weeds, and are more easily handled.

A few shrubs must be propagated by root division and some require layering, but the majority may be easily and quickly grown from cuttings. A good

general rule is to take cuttings, about six inches long, just as the leaf-buds are opening out, and plant them where the soil will be reasonably moist—or can be easily kept so. Placed close together, in rows, the cuttings should become well rooted and ready for transplanting by the next Spring.

Wistarias, trumpet creepers and

several other plants commonly called vines are in reality climbing shrubs, and the same general rules apply to them as to the most bushy form, if they are grown for the sake of their blossoms; but, being such rampant growers, it is frequently necessary to sacrifice blooms to form—or allow the plant to outgrow all bounds.

## THE DELICATE CHILD IN HOT WEATHER

By W. T. MARRS, M.D.

JEWETT, ILLINOIS

**T**HE proper care of young and delicate children during the heated season requires patience and skill.

There exists an abundance of assumed knowledge on the care of young children, but it is often of a spurious, if not injurious, kind. The healthy child often thrives despite its environment rather than by reason of it. The management of every young child is a problem in itself. Especially is this true when we consider delicate and poorly nourished children. The main problem is proper nourishment.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon regularity of feeding. Feeding at too close intervals is baneful in its effects, as the stomach is a muscular organ requiring rest, and the digestive juices should not be kept flowing constantly. The cry of thirst is often mistaken for that of hunger. Children of all ages should have all the water they want. According to weight, they require more than adults.

Water should be given infants before feeding, so that an extra quantity of nourishment will not be taken in order to satisfy thirst. This increased amount of food causes fermentation and lays the foundation for much trouble. A little lime or lemon juice added to the water

is useful in case of sour stomach.

Next to the mother's milk, cow's milk comes the nearest being an ideal food. Milk is slightly acid, and in case of young children should be neutralized by the addition of lime water or a grain of baking soda to each ounce of milk. Until the fifth or sixth month, the milk should be diluted with an equal quantity of lime water, or plain water with the bicarbonate of soda added. If this is not capable of being retained and assimilated, a still greater dilution may for a time be necessary. A little sugar of milk should always be used to sweeten.

Any one of the artificial foods on the market may be used to supplement the feeding, but they should never be wholly depended upon, as a child fed on them alone is prone to rickets and other serious digestive disturbances.

In cases where the stomach is too weak to retain nourishment, all food should be withheld for twenty-four hours and the white of an egg in a glass of water given; teaspoonful doses quite often. If there is an obstinate diarrhoea, the bottles of milk should be heated by being placed in water at nearly boiling temperature. Milk thus treated will keep sweet for considerable time.



The utmost care as to cleanliness should be observed in handling the milk. The bottles should be thoroughly scalded in boiling water and left to soak in a boracic acid solution or soda water. It is painful still occasionally to see the nursing bottle with the long tube which is impossible to cleanse.

When a child artificially fed does not gain in weight the sugar in its food is, as a rule, low, and this may be easily remedied. If there is constipation the fats are not likely to be up to the average and conditions may be righted by the addition of cream. For reasons quite obvious the milk of a herd is preferable to that of one cow.

Under eight or nine months it is

best to depend mainly upon a milk diet, as the child has not yet acquired the ability to digest starchy foods. About this age there may be given a gruel made from oatmeal, barley, arrow-root or some of the farinaceous foods. Beef juice may also be given. It is best made by slightly broiling the beef and extracting the juice with a lemon squeezer. It may be given warm or cold, but not hot, as heating coagulates the albumen. Older children require plenty of ripe fruit. Apples contain an acid that is peculiarly conducive to health. The rapacious youth who raids apple orchards is simply obeying an instinct which Mother Nature has implanted in all young animals.

## TO THE WIFE      By James Ball Naylor

A POET'S ADVICE ON MANAGING HUSBANDS

**T**O the wife who would keep  
Her dear husband knee-deep  
As a lover, these lines are addressed:  
Just a wee bit of guile,  
When he comes, and a smile  
And she'll always be loved and caressed.  
Let her mouth be the sign  
That there's honey and wine  
To be had—and a measure of bliss;  
For no man can resist  
A sweet mouth to be kissed,  
With the corners turned up — like this.

But if when he comes in  
From the battle and din  
Of the day with his temper a shred,  
He is met in the hall  
By the animate pall  
Of the frolicsome maiden he wed,

He'll forget to be kind,  
He'll pretend to be blind  
To her silent appeal for a kiss;  
For no husband will waste  
Half a minute to taste  
Of a mouth with the corners — like this.

It is cruel? No doubt!  
But I've studied it out  
And the fault isn't all on one side;  
And the wife who would meet  
A fond lover, should greet  
Him each day as a sweetheart—a bride.  
Let her mouth be the sign  
That there's honey and wine  
To be had—and a measure of bliss;  
For like balm from the South  
Is a dear little mouth  
With the corners — like this, not this!

# LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.



"WELL NOW, THAT IS INTERESTING"

Photograph by Mandeville

## BOILED LEMONADE

By DR. KATHRIN HILTON  
Norwood Park, Illinois

In making lemonade, boil the desired quantity of sugar and lemon juice together, cool and add as much cold water as needed — a great improvement on the old way.

## TO PROTECT NEEDLES

By MAMIE BOGGS  
Long Beach, Mississippi

Flannel should not be used in needle books, as flannel is often prepared with sulphur, which will rust the needles. A piece of fine linen or chamois leather is better.

## SETTING HENS IN MID-SUMMER

By LEE McCRAE  
Memphis, Tennessee

Many experienced poultrymen feel that it is almost useless to try to raise broods of chicks in very hot weather, so apt are the eggs to spoil before they can be hatched. But an old, old lady who has been in the business for years declares that perfect success is attained by setting the hen directly upon the ground. She scoops out a little hollow in the earth, and places the eggs in it without a particle of straw around or beneath them. A shelter is provided, of course. She says the hen suffers less from heat or lice, and if the eggs have been fresh to start with every one of them will be hatched even in the hottest weather.

## CUTTING BUTTON-HOLES

By MRS. WM. DICKSON ADAMS  
Boonville, Missouri

In preparing to cut button-holes in a material that frays easily it is well to mark a line the length of hole desired, then stitch close around it on the sewing machine before cutting it. This gives firmness and prevents fraying.

## SALT FOR THE HANDS

By MRS. A. M. C.  
Ashville, New York

Try rubbing the hands with dry salt after having had them in water for a length of time; afterward rinse them and wipe dry. If used daily after the housework is finished it will keep the hands smooth, clean and white.

## WHEN BAKING BREAD

By M. E. P.  
West Portland, Oregon

When baking bread, if you wish to bake five loaves, and your oven will hold but four, steam one loaf, and set in the oven to dry, after the other bread is baked. You will find it much tenderer and better in every way than the loaves which are baked.

## PREVENTS FADING

By MRS. G. H. PATTRELL  
Union Village, Vermont

A large spoon of turpentine put in the water when washing dresses or waists with delicate colors liable to fade, will prevent fading and preserve the colors fresh and bright.

## GREASE ON THE STOVE

By MRS. W. J. WHITFORD  
Brookfield, New York

If you spill grease upon a hot stove, cover the spot at once with a thick layer of ashes; this will absorb the grease, so you will not be offended by its odor while burning, and a little later you can brush away the ashes, and none of the grease will remain.

## ZINC A CHIMNEY CLEANER

By ADELAIDE NEWHALL  
West Medway, Massachusetts

Possibly some who use soft coal may not know that a handful of zinc scraps, or, if these cannot be conveniently procured, a piece of pure zinc equal in size, thrown upon the fire once a week, will cause the soot that so rapidly accumulates to loosen its hold and fall down, due to some chemical action.

## SOMETHING ABOUT EGGS

By ELEANOR T. VAUGHAN  
Denver, Colorado

Many housewives do not know that their failure at times to beat the whites of eggs to a light, white foam is due to the fact that the dish used contained moisture other than that of the eggs. Always dry the dish thoroughly before using as the slightest moisture upon its surface will interfere with the whites becoming light.

When separating the yolk from the white of an egg, break the shell by striking gently against the edge of a dish. The yolk is retained in one portion of the shell while the white is allowed to drop over and fall into the dish. Transfer the yolk from one half shell to the other several times and after each change run the finger along broken edge of shell to cut the white away. By the use of the finger the entire white is separated without danger of the yolk being drawn over the edge and broken.

## NUT FOOD FOR HENS

By MRS. ROBERT SMITH  
Greene, New York

Nothing helps so much toward making hens lay in the Winter time as nuts. Two heaping pans full of walnuts and butternuts, cracked, are given to a flock of twenty-five hens twice a week, and how it makes them "shell out" the eggs. Remember we live on a large farm and all the nuts cost us is time to pick them up in the Fall.

## CINDER IN THE EYE

By G. L. CLAY  
Marysville, Virginia

I suffered for a week from a cinder in my eye which had become embedded and at times seemed to be out. I tried all the simple remedies without relief when finally, without faith, I tried a loop of horse hair run up under the lid and out it came. It saved me a journey and doctor's fee and was painless. I have since recommended it in obdurate cases and it has never failed. Properly cleanse the hair before using.

## WASHING FLUID

By MRS. JAMES W. MANSON  
Brooklyn, New York

Dissolve one ounce salts of tartar, one ounce salts of ammonia and one can Babbitt's potash in five quarts of lukewarm water. Add half a cake borax soap shaved fine. Clothes should be dry when put in boiler and should boil twenty minutes. When taken out of the boiler and rubbed for a few minutes it will be found that all dirt and spots will be removed with very slight effort. This fluid does not injure the clothes and has been used by a number of people in this vicinity.

## TO SAVE LAUNDRY WORK

By MRS. D. L. N.  
La Fayette, Illinois

Try making baby's little aprons by the bishop pattern, front and back the same, so that they are reversible. Then gather the neck upon a rubber tape (about one-half yard) to slip over the head. They are easy to make, slip on, wash and iron, besides lasting longer than when the wear all comes on one side.

Also, try using a pair of old stocking legs to protect the sleeves while doing up the morning work. They save washing, too.

## LET YOUR HENS SET

By F. F. T.  
Denver, Colorado

You should not try to keep a hen from setting when nature wills otherwise. A hen will not want to set unless she is fat, and as she seldom leaves the nest for food during the period of incubation, she needs the flesh for nourishment and to keep the eggs warm.

If you do not wish to have chickens give her porcelain eggs and let her set for two weeks; then shut her up for a few days. After this she will be in a better condition and will lay more eggs than she would have done if prevented from setting, nor will she desire to set again until she becomes fat.

## POTATO HINTS

By MRS. L. V. BEALE  
Hobart, Oklahoma

Potatoes which have frozen can be used and be as good as ever if not allowed to thaw. If they thaw the least bit they are worthless. Pare them in cold water and drop one at a time in boiling water.

In the Spring when the potatoes are sprouted or withered, pare them early in the morning so that they stand several hours in clear, cold water. Then put them over the fire in cold water and you will have good potatoes with no old taste.

## ODORS

By MRS. G. A. MERCHANT  
Buffalo, New York

Do you know that the fishy smell on knives and forks after salmon and other oily fish have been served, can be removed by rubbing a slice of lemon over them?—That to remove the odor of onions from the breath you should eat parsley; from the hands rub with celery?—That a pleasant household de-odorizer is made by pouring spirits of lavender over bi-carbonate of ammonia; put it in a wide-mouthed bottle and cover tightly when not in use; when you wish to use it open the bottle and let it remain so for a few minutes; this mixture is also good to inhale in case of severe headache. Do you know that you should never have groceries or provisions having strong odors near the flour barrel?—for nothing absorbs odors quicker than flour? That if you like the odor of violets about your clothes, have a good sized piece of orris root put in the wash boiler where the clothes are boiled, and a delicate perfume will be the result?—That when a knife has been used to cut onions, if you wipe it with a damp cloth, then rub thoroughly with dry salt, the objectionable odor will have entirely disappeared?—That milk and butter should be kept away from strong odors?

## COLLARS

By M. W. F.  
Waynesboro, Mississippi

For the girl who is preparing her Summer outfit let me say: "Be sure to have one dark stock, preferably of black velvet for cool days. Have all the fluffy neckwear you care for, but for the occasional cold "spells" that are sure to come a velvet collar is more "comfy," more becoming and more striking. Let it be plain; and made to wear with numerous "top-collars."

One girl friend with a limited supply of "pocket-book filling" has made herself a half dozen fine linen top-collars from the linen of her brother's cast-off cuffs. Some of these are hem-stitched, others are bordered with the narrowest and finest of valenciennes, while one is edged with fine tatting.

The linen is very fine, launders easily and needs no starch if ironed before drying, thus making ideal "tops."

SUBSTITUTES FOR ALCOHOL IN  
MINCE PIES

By MARY A. CLARK  
Sodus, New York

Instead of cider and other alcoholic liquors, use fruit juices for mince pies. The juice left from canning strawberries, plums, sour cherries, etc., if sweetened, boiled down and canned, makes a rich, delicious moistening for mince meat. If raisins and suet in plenty are added to the mixture, it will be rich enough to please the most fastidious appetite.

## A LINEN LUSTER SECRET

By FLORENCE W. LAW  
Menominee, Michigan

A Bohemian servant taught me the secret of putting a wonderful luster on linen. After the linen had been laundered and dried she put it into a pail of boiling water, wrung it out and ironed immediately until dry. As it takes about two hours, the process may not be practical except for the "best" linen; but is certainly worth the trouble.

SUMMER WORK FOR ICE-CREAM  
FREEZERS

By MRS. ELLA C. FLORENCE  
Somerville, Massachusetts

Reading in the National Magazine for February the many uses for the meat-chopper, I wondered if my new way of making cake would not be useful to someone.

The proper beating of cake was always to me a laborious process, so, by way of experiment, I tried the ice-cream freezer.

Set the butter where it will become soft. See that the cogs of the freezer are oiled so that it will run easily. Put the eggs in the cylinder, place the parts together as you would for making ice-cream, turn the crank a minute or two, then open the cylinder and add the melted butter, sugar, milk, flour and baking-powder, or whatever ingredients you wish; adjust the crank and turn for ten minutes and you will find the mixture as creamy and fine grained as though you had beaten it with a spoon in the ordinary way for half an hour.

## KILLS THE CUCUMBER BUG

By EMMA C. HAMILTON  
Marshallton, Delaware

My brother has tried the following mixture for the striped cucumber bug and other pests, for a number of years, and has never known it to fail. He believes that if others would try it faithfully, it would save thousands of dollars for growers of melons and cucumbers:

Three quarts plaster, one pint air-slaked lime, two pounds slug shot, one teaspoonful paris green, two teaspoonful hellebore: mix and sprinkle lightly over the vines.

## A PALATABLE LAXATIVE

By MRS. MABEL A. N. LeGALLEY  
Peru, Indiana

Make a strong concentrated infusion of senna leaves; (five cents worth will be enough for two quarts of prunes) strain this through a muslin cloth and boil in the strained liquid as many prunes of good quality as can be well boiled in the quantity of infusion. Stew the prunes in the liquid thoroughly, in the same manner as if for the table, properly seasoning.

When well cooked, put in a glass jar, screw the top down tightly, and set away in a cool place. Two or three or four of these prunes eaten in a day will overcome some of the severest cases of constipation. There is no suggestion whatever of the senna in the taste of the prunes, and the effect is most desirable either in the old or the young.

## WASHING MADE EASY

By MRS. JOSEPH CURTIS  
New Lisbon, Wisconsin

Moisten white clothes; rub soiled places with naphtha soap; let soak a few hours or over night in cold water. Squeeze a little with the hands, or put through washer in this water. Wring, and put over the fire in cold water with any preferred soap. Scald well, stirring often. Finish in usual way. They will only need a thorough rinsing.

## THE DISH-DRAINER AND STERILIZED DISHES

By A. WELLS MUNGER  
Worcester, Massachusetts

Few people understand that the best use of the dish-drainer is to avoid handling and wiping dishes.

Dishes should be washed clean first, then put in drainer and scalded thoroughly on both sides, turning as is necessary.

Then the drainer containing the dishes should be put on the back of the stove or in the sun until all are dry.

This method not only saves labor to the housekeeper but leaves the china absolutely clean and sterilized. If glasses are rinsed in cold water and dried in the same way they will look as if polished.

## HELP FOR HOUSE PLANTS

By MYRA ELLIS  
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

To rid house plants of the small black flies, which hatch from maggots in the soil, insert the heads of three or four lucifer matches in each pot.

## THE GOSPEL OF CHEERFULNESS

By MARGARET GRAEME NOWELL

Augusta, Georgia

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance" —  
Prov. 15th Chapter: 15th Verse.

It seems rather late to be talking about what happened in December, when just now the birds are singing and building new nests, the trees putting on robes of green, and all Nature in a state of awakening, bringing to mind the glorious resurrection. In Georgia as elsewhere, we have had a hard Winter, and our lovely cape jessamines were nearly, if not quite killed, by the sleet and ice. We have cut them down to the roots, hoping they will spring up again. Our Winters are not so long as they are at the North, and it seemed as if the violets, blooming in such great profusion, came to comfort us, and whisper that Spring would soon be here. In fact I saw a half-open rose bud today, so surely Winter's reign is over. It is not of all these lovely things I wish to speak, just now — but the December number of the "National Magazine." It gave me such real pleasure, and I fully intended expressing my delight, before the New Year began, but day follows day — in a busy housewife's life — so rapidly, each one filled to the uttermost, that they merge into weeks and months before we realize it, so that even with good management one can scarcely get time for much more than regular duties. Thus it is April finds me talking about December. That is getting pretty far behind. Now the days are longer, and so warm and balmy, I can steal into a quiet corner and collect a few stray thoughts. In the publisher's department of the December National we all enjoyed his "Let's Talk It Over," and learned a lesson from his "Christmas suggestion," "To start the day with an exercise in good nature and cheerfulness." As a family we determined to follow this advice, and we heartily agree with him, that it is not only good to commence Christmas day thus, but all other days. As a consequence we had a lovely Christmas-tide; plenty of gifts from loving friends were not lacking, but best of all, there was a spirit of cheerfulness and good humor in the household. The cook went home late in the afternoon smiling, and "Uncle Charley," the old colored man, who attends to the house and yard, and brings in the fuel, was happy too. It is wonderful how one person in a bad humor, crabbed and cross, can affect us even if very little is said, — it is something we can feel; as someone has said, "They act like wet blankets."

I do not wish to belong to this class, so do give us some more helpful talks, on the subject of cheerfulness, in the Publisher's department. A sunny disposition is worth a million to its possessor, and it is a gift greatly to be desired, and if one does not possess it, my advice is to strive diligently to obtain it, as "a pearl of great price." No work, however arduous, undertaken willingly and cheerfully, seems half so hard — the worries and unexpected things that happen to us all can be more easily borne, if we possess, or try to cultivate this cheerful spirit.

"Be this my wealth, and if the mart  
Shall yield me less than others win,  
I still have greater store within —  
Give me, O God, a cheerful heart!"

## UNRELATED BUT USEFUL HINTS

By M. C.

Mansfield, Ohio

When attending a party or entertainment where the rubbers are removed, fasten together with a clothespin marked with your name.

Put sugar in the paste to make wallpaper stick to kalsomined walls.

## ZINC-COVERED KITCHEN TABLE

By MRS. C. A. RASMUSEN

Putney, South Dakota

One of the most convenient and useful pieces of kitchen furniture imaginable is the kitchen table covered with zinc. The old-time oil-cloth covering will be discarded after one trial of the zinc.

It is so easily cleaned — just wash with soap and water, and occasionally I clean mine with paper saturated with kerosene to give it the gloss and smooth surface desirable. Never need think whether dishes are hot or cold as with oil-cloth.

To make the table, take a good plain table for the purpose and if the man of the house is at all handy he will have just what is wanted with little trouble. The zinc must be flattened smooth on top, then turned down at edge, hammering to make it turn, then turned under and tacked. This leaves a smooth, easily cleaned edge. Try it, sisters, and be convinced.

## SURE CURE FOR CROUP

By ANNIS WARD

East Eddington, Maine

At the first symptom of croup, which is always a sharp, shrill cough, let the one who has the care of the child take it into bed with her, placing her open hand upon the sufferer's chest, the thumb and fingers lightly yet firmly clasping the throat, and keeping it in this position until the cough loosens, which it will do in a very short time.

I have used this remedy repeatedly and have never failed to rout the dread disease. It is so simple that people hesitate to try it; but one fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its efficacy.

## MASHED POTATOES

By MRS. DAISY B. ROBESON

Perryville, Ohio

When mashing potatoes, after the milk and butter are added and they have had their final stirring, add a small teaspoonful of baking powder and stir well and see how light they will be; it makes them as light as a feather.

## FROZEN ONIONS, FRIED

By MRS. G. W. NORMAN,

Hawesville, Kentucky

When I found some large onions had frozen the head of the house informed me that frozen onions were very sweet and nice when fried. I thought so too, when I had eaten them. I cut them into thin slices, salt and pepper, then fry brown in hot butter. Try them.

If Sylvia M. Farnum of Crest View, Tennessee, who wrote "Ironing by Machinery" in January, 1904, National, will write to Domestic Manufacturing Company, Mangle Department E, Racine Junction, Wisconsin, she will receive a booklet telling all about ironing by machinery.

## MAKING FRUIT BUTTER

By M. H. S.

Seattle, Washington

I would like to suggest a very easy way of making pear butter, peach, etc. After the fruit is prepared and sweetened, put the same in the oven. In this way it needs only occasional stirring. It will cook down and keep just the same as butter made on the top of the stove and is made with a great deal less work.



**CLEANING SEWING MACHINES**

By MRS. A. H. S.  
Amelia, Nebraska

I—Take the machine apart, boil the parts in soda water, replace, and oil well; or,

II—Empty the oil can, fill with gasoline, flood every oiling place on the machine, run it rapidly, repeat if necessary; wipe off with a cloth, then oil with machine oil.

**BEEF POT ROAST**

By H. L. S.  
Unadilla Forks, New York

To make an ordinary piece of beef into a fine pot roast, have the kettle very hot and brown on all sides before adding the water, which should be boiling. Cook slowly till tender, making a brown dressing in the kettle after the meat has been removed.

**CURE FOR HICCUGHS**

By HAL. W. LOMBARD  
Helena, Montana

I have put in twenty-five years as a druggist and chemist and during that time have had occasion to treat a large number of cases of hiccoughs. The following mode of treatment will give an almost instant cure provided the case has not run more than six or eight hours. Stop up both ears tightly with the forefingers; then drink (from the hands of a second party) five or six ounces of water taking very small swallows and twenty chances to one the hiccoughs will disappear before the last swallow has been taken. It is absolutely necessary to plug up both ears air-tight for this treatment.

**A SILK HINT**

By MRS. JEFF. DAVIS  
Quitman, Georgia

When stitching thin silk, or any goods inclined to pucker, place a strip of paper on the under side and stitch through with cloth. The needle cuts the paper, and it is easily pulled away, leaving the seam free of any inclination to pucker.

**FOR CANKERED THROAT**

By SARAH ISHAM  
Roxbury, Connecticut

For a cankered throat and mouth, tea leaves are the best thing.

**WASHING LACE CURTAINS**

By L. L. GRAVES  
Detroit, Michigan

Before putting the curtains to soak stitch a strip of muslin or cheesecloth around the edge of the curtain and you will find the scallops will be round instead of pointed as when you pin directly through the fabric.

**CURES CHICKEN CHOLERA**

By MRS. E. E. G.  
Abilene, Kansas

Take equal parts of pulverized alum, rosin, salt-petre and red pepper. Feed one tablespoonful in three pints of scalded meal until the chickens are well.

**SOGGY PIE-CRUSTS**

By MARIE VAN NOSTRAND  
Merrill, Wisconsin

So many housewives are troubled with soggy pie-crusts and I send this little information that I consider valuable. When the pie-crust is prepared brush the layer crust with the beaten yolk of an egg and sprinkle with bread crumbs that have been grated. This is especially fine for fruit and liquid pies.

**A CURIO CABINET HINT**

By MRS. ELIZABETH M. ROBINSON  
Iowa City, Iowa

A cupful of water placed on each shelf of the cabinet in which curios are kept will provide sufficient moisture to prevent the carved ivories, woods, shells, and the like from cracking. The water may be kept in one of the curios, and thus be inconspicuous. In a furnace-heated house this is a wise safeguard. Change the water every few days.

**MENDING GRANITE WARE**

By MRS. CONNOR  
Baxter Springs, Kansas

When your granite pans and kettles begin to leak, instead of throwing them away try mending them with putty. I used a kettle all Summer for canning fruit, that I had mended in this way. Be sure the putty is fresh and do not use the vessel until it is thoroughly dry.

**STEAMS OUT SPLINTERS**

By E. O. K.  
Highland, Ohio

When a splinter has been driven into the hand it can be extracted by steam. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle nearly full of hot water, place the injured part over the mouth and press it slightly. The action thus produced will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extract the splinter, also the inflammation. Try it and be convinced.

**BEST WAY TO COOK BACON**

By J. L. B.  
Pine Ridge Indian Agency, South Dakota

Put the bacon, sliced thin, on a common toaster and place the toaster in a baking pan a little longer than the toaster; put this in a hot oven and as it cooks the fat drains into the pan.

**ICE FOR THE INVALID**

By ADA ODIORNE FOGG, M. D.  
Portland, Maine

A small piece of ice held in the mouth is often gratifying to a sick person and in order to have some at hand and thus save the attendant a trip to the refrigerator try the following: Take quite a deep bowl and cover with a piece of flannel depressed to form a hollow about half the depth of the bowl. Tie this in place. Now fill this with bits of ice broken to about the size desired and cover with another piece of flannel. This can be kept in quite a warm room for hours without melting; while, if the pieces freeze together, a stout pin will readily chip off a piece.

## AN OAT-MEAL HINT

By NINA BIRCH

Xenia, Ohio

A piece of butter the size of a pea, dropped into the oat-meal pot, will keep it from boiling over.

## A GOOD FURNACE HINT

By E. C.

Pembroke, New York

Many persons make the mistake of closing the registers before shaking the furnace fire. Instead, leave them open, place wet cloths over them, and the dust that arises from the ashes will cling to the cloths. If the registers are closed the dust will settle underneath, and when they are afterward opened puffs of dust will arise and spread over the contents of the rooms.

## STAINS ON MARBLE

By MRS. A. H. KETCHAM

Islip, Long Island

To remove stains from marble mix equal quantities of powdered chalk, carbonate of soda and pumice-stone powder, and sufficient liquid cloudy ammonia to form a soft paste; spread evenly over the marble and leave it for two or three hours; then scrub thoroughly with soft soap and hot water and wipe with flannel cloth. Should the stains still be visible they should again be covered with paste, which should remain for a day, when the marble should again be scrubbed.

## ANOTHER DUST SUGGESTION

By MRS. MARGARET G. NOWELL

Augusta, Georgia

A party of ladies, helping to decorate a friend's home for a wedding, chatted about "this thing and that," and drifted at last to the subject of house-cleaning. One said she so much dreaded getting the dust from the top of her wardrobe. I remarked that I kept a newspaper on the top of mine, — that it not only kept the dust out of the smallest crack, but could also be replaced at any time by a clean paper. The whole group seemed to think it such a good idea, I decided to send it to the readers of the National.

## GREASE THE NAIL

By J. Y. WALTON

Shaw, Mississippi

Not long since I saw a person trying to drive a nail through a piece of seasoned oak an inch and a half thick. This was impossible, until I suggested he grease the nail. It then was driven easily and without bending.

## CARE OF PATENT SHOES

By MAY RYAN

New Roads, Louisiana

When one wears patent-vici shoes, or dancing pumps, they should be stuffed tight in the toe with tissue paper, cotton or old cloth, after taking off, and rubbed with a little vaseline. If cared for in this way they will not crack, even if kept for an entire season. Vaseline is a splendid preserver of any kind of leather but should be applied sparingly so it will not leave a greasy appearance.

## A STOVE POLISH HINT

By J. W. ADAMS

Addison, Virginia

Mix the stove blacking with vinegar, to the consistency of cream, add pinch of sugar, put on with a brush and polish with old newspapers; it will give a beautiful and lasting polish.

## TO CLEAN SILVER

By J. W. ADAMS

Addison, Virginia

Put one-half pound sal-soda in eight quarts water; when at a boiling heat dip the pieces of silver, immediately wash in soapsuds and wipe dry with a piece of cotton flannel.

## MATHALACOMB, OR TURKISH DELIGHT

By MRS. WEMYSS

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Take one ounce sheet gelatine and soak in one-half cup water for two hours. Take one pound granulated sugar, dissolve in one-half cup water and when at boiling point add the gelatine. Flavor with one orange, juice and rind, and one lemon, juice only. Chopped nuts improve it. Boil all steadily for twenty minutes. Dip a tin in cold water, pour in the liquid and when cold cut in squares and roll in confectioner's sugar.

## HINTS ABOUT CUSTARDS

By MRS. GEORGE W. TOBEY

East Jefferson, Maine

In making a custard of any sort, the whites of the eggs are not necessary. Use the yolks to thicken the milk, in the proportion of one yolk to a cup of milk. The whites of the eggs may then be used as a meringue for the top of the custard.

To prevent a baked custard from wheying place the dish containing the custard in a basin of water while cooking.

To prevent a boiled custard from curdling do not cook more than two or three minutes after adding the eggs to the milk and do not add salt until you have removed it from the stove.

Scald milk with which to make custard pies.

## BAKING SWEET POTATOES

By MRS. CHARLES C. FRANCIS

Pollok, Texas

After washing sweet potatoes thoroughly, grease the outside with fried meat grease before baking; they will be found a great deal more juicy and the peeling can easily be removed.

## DESTROYING AN ODOR

By MRS. P. M. BOYNTON

Claremont, New Hampshire

The odor that clings so persistently to a utensil in which fish or onions have been fried may be dispelled by placing in a hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes after washing and drying.

# NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

**M**R. CARNEGIE having given a million and a half dollars to build a Peace Palace in The Hague, the government of Belgium now purposes to present a site for the palace. It is hoped this palace may in time to come be the seat of an international court supported by influences strong enough to enable it to prevent wars between nations. Just now The Hague tribunal is doing only small jobs, so to speak; but there is a lively probability that when the war in the Far East is concluded, business at the Peace Palace will pick up rapidly. On the one hand, the nations will have the example of the high cost of war, and on the other hand the example of the low cost of judicial adjustment of international differences. We surmise that the lesson will not be wholly without effect upon the rulers and administrators of the world, for some time to come.

A reader of the National Magazine in Ashland, Wisconsin, a successful but modest businessman who doesn't wish to be known in the discussion, outlines, in a letter to this magazine, a plan for an enlarged international tribunal with powers both administrative and judicial, whose business, of course, should be the keeping of peace between the nations. He would have each government appoint, for life, from its highest court, one member of "The Peace Commission." This Commission should have absolute authority to settle all international questions that could not be adjusted through the ordinary channels of diplomacy. Our reader points

out that, since supreme courts have nearly as much power as this in domestic affairs, and our rulers and administrators have as much or more power in MAKING WAR, we should be willing to entrust equal power to an international commission composed of our noblest statesmen and ablest jurists, for the purpose of AVERTING WAR. He would have the sessions of the Commission held in each of the capitals of the signatory nations in turn, the members to meet upon an equal basis and to elect their officers as do other parliamentary bodies.

The nations would continue to maintain armies and navies, of size in accordance with their population, as defined by the Commission. These armies and navies should be employed for domestic uses only, save in the event any one of the signatory powers should refuse to accept a decision of the Commission, when all the armed forces of the other nations should be available to whip the unwilling member into line.

Commerce, the making of trade treaties and other international intercourse, could go on as at the present day; but in all questions that now kindle wars, the Commission should act and keep the peace. It should never, however, interfere in domestic affairs of any of the nations its members, except when these should menace the peace and welfare of another nation or nations.

Revolutions within the borders of any nation should be regarded by the Commission as domestic affairs while the warfare proceeded along the lines of

civilization. Should it become necessary to interfere, the nations would be called upon to supply their quotas of soldiers and ships, with which to restore peace by force in the distracted country.

Had this Commission been in existence during the last five years, our correspondent writes, the present flow of human blood in Manchuria would not have taken place; for Russia and Japan would have been compelled by the Commission, backed by the armed forces of the rest of the world, to make an honorable and equitable settlement of their conflicting claims by peaceful methods.

This may be, as yet, only a dream far in advance of the social development of the race: but surely it is a noble and an inspiring dream, worthy of the attentive consideration of the statesmen of our time.

**H**ERE is a letter from a railroad telegrapher, Mr. Elliott Williams of Defiance, Ohio. Mr. Williams read the article by Mr. C. H. Allison in the National for April, entitled, "What Causes Railway Wrecks." You may remember Mr. Allison charged that violation and neglect of plain and well-understood rules by the operating force was the cause of a good many serious wrecks. He further asserted his belief that the railway labor unions lower the efficiency of the operating force. Mr. Williams, addressing Mr. Allison personally, writes:

DEAR SIR: I have finished reading your article in April number of National Magazine. I consider you have done the railroad employes of the country an injustice, and I cannot say through ignorance, as the article has the earmarks of the executive office.

I have worked for three roads as common telegraph operator, namely, the Missouri Pacific, the Frisco and the Wabash, covering a period of about five years. My salary has been \$45 and \$50 per month. You must either work in a yard office or division headquarters to receive \$60 or \$65 per month for twelve hours each day, Sunday included.

Now I think the three above roads will favorably compare with the rest of them as far as the wages of the operators are concerned, so you must be a good mathematician to get an average of \$2.08 per day out of those figures. It is not fair to the operators to figure the despatchers' salary in striking your average,

for they are considered by the officials as officers of the company.

The telegraph operators are the poorest paid employes in the railroad service, but the officers of our order when a schedule was obtained and our working conditions improved, have through our lodge room and the medium of the O. R. T. Magazine exhorted us to be attentive to our duties and try to show the company we appreciate being treated as human beings.

Again you say: "Their average intelligence is of the highest order;" and their love of home and feeling of brotherhood is of the same order. Admitting all this, do you suppose a conductor or other trainman will violate the rules and run the chances of losing his position? He may be paying for a little home or if he be a single man he may be trying to prepare one. Why, Mr. Allison, I have seen old conductors ten and fifteen years in the service as eager to report a grass fire along the right of way as a schoolboy is to receive a head mark in his class, because it means five or ten credit marks to their record.

On the other hand, take the night operator who has put in twelve long, weary hours and 7 a.m. is Fourth of July, County Fair, or Sunday school picnic,—he robs old King Morpheus to enjoy the day with a bunch of lawn: the following night nature demands her due, the dawn of a rosy future is suddenly jarred by the pounding of the conductor on the office door and, "You have stopped the varnished cars!" shouts the voice at the door. The next day you get a message to explain and in a few days you receive a letter from the superintendent assessing you fifteen demerit marks; and when you get sixty "your services are no longer required."

Again, in all the books of rules I have read it is distinctly stated that merit and ability must be shown before an employe will be promoted. Railroad labor unions insist upon soberness, honesty, faithfulness to duty and loyalty to our brotherhood.

Again you say: "Their hours and conditions of labor have been steadily improved."

Who improved them?

Now a word about the block system: This road established the block system one year ago and in that time there has not been a wreck that could be charged to this score. This is what is known as the absolute block: there are two operators and a despatcher looking after a train until it reaches its terminal.

I would have sent this article to the National for publication, but I dare say a common operator could not get the space; and if I can have the pleasure of knowing you have read my mild protest against the servile yoke you would put on the railroad employes of the country, then I will feel my effort has not been in vain.

Yes, our standard of intelligence is the highest. We love music, fine pictures, happy homes, educated children, and, Mr. Allison, if it had not been for men like you, labor unions would have never been born. British oppression gave birth to our independence. The blacklist, wage reduction, long hours and the domineering spirit of petty officials incubated the railroad brotherhood; and if you will read our magazine for March you will find a number of superintendents and other officials present at some of our meetings discussing the application of different rules and other questions pertaining to the betterment of the service.

Yes, sir, unionism has made a better man-to-man feeling between employe and employer. Your theory of master and servant is obsolete in this age of liberty and freedom. We have a kind division operator and when a rule is violated he will send for the offender to come to his office and explain to him that if this report goes to the superintendent, "I may have to dismiss you from the service; but if you will give me an assurance of your good service in the future, I will try and clear

your case." Now would you insult our "standard of intelligence" by saying we do not appreciate a kindness? Don't you think we would put forth our best endeavor to repay this man for his manifest interest in our welfare. This is what unionism has done.

In conclusion I would say, let the railroads adopt the absolute block system, license the telegraphers same as school teachers, and employ none under the age of twenty years. Did you count up how many people had been killed by an inexperienced sixteen or eighteen-year-old operator handling peoples' lives? There was one over in Canada a few years ago when thirty people lost their lives from this account. Make it unlawful for trainmen to be on the road longer than ten hours, except in cases of emergency, and increase wages according to years of service.

**L**AST March—by way of variety—we filled in a page-end with a quotation from Renan's "Life of Jesus," giving it for a heading the phrase, "The Infinite Humanity of Jesus." Promptly arose a member of the National family to admonish us in the following letter, which we print with pleasure:

BLUE SPRINGS, NEB., MAR. 16, 1905.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.:

DEAR FRIENDS,—I thought I knew all the best magazines, but now I find yours the best of all. The March National is before me, and as yet, I find only one "fly in the ointment"—that brief quotation from Renan on page 606. Had you reminded your readers as to who Renan is, this would serve as a sample from the writings of an unbeliever who tries to make a hero of Jesus.

I will, on another page, give you a quotation on the same topic, which please use to fill in a page.

I hope to send you subscribers for your excellent magazine.

Most sincerely, (REV.) M. FULCOMER

#### THE INFINITE HUMANITY OF JESUS

(From Deems' "Light of the Nations," page 598)

He is the Son of Humanity. Hurt humanity and you hurt him. Do good to humanity at any point, and you do good to him. Water to any thirsty man, bread to any hungry woman, clothing to any naked child, kind attention to any unknown stranger, visit to any prisoner, criminal or innocent, is set down as done to the Son of Man. He takes the lowliest human being, whoever he or she may be and says: "Inasmuch as you did it not to this least one, you did it not to me." Any failure of duty to any human being Jesus takes as a personal neglect of himself, while he acknowledges as a personal favor the slightest kindness done to the most nearly insignificant human being.

in Chicago's streets, and if the owners try to make that declaration good by beating and shooting and stabbing union teamsters who may be going quietly about their business—then arrest the team-owners, try them and hang them higher than Haman.

Let it be understood that the streets are public, not private property; that the community is governed by law, not by mob violence.

On the other hand, if the union teamsters try to drive all other teamsters off the streets by slugging, shooting, stoning and otherwise attacking them, then let the unionists be promptly arrested, tried and hanged for every murder they commit. Mayor Dunne has been too easy with them. His three thousand policemen could have put an end to street rioting in a single hour—had they been properly commanded. One rifle volley rightly aimed would have made every man's life and property safe in the streets of the most lawless city of America. It would have strengthened the credit of the city at a time when a great public work most needs that credit.

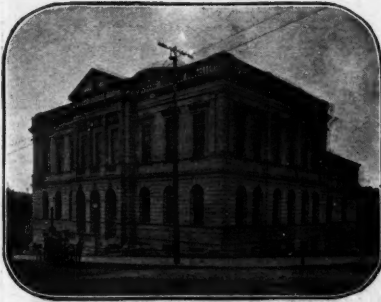
Unless I mistake the signs, the majority of the American people are growing very weary of the overlordship of trusts—both capitalistic trusts and labor trusts. Both groups have too often shown us their contempt for any law that stands in the way of their desires.

While one set of trusts exists, the other must live to balance it: the country needs neither. The people—including the members of the labor trusts as individuals—should own in equal partnership the public-service properties upon which the capitalistic trusts are founded. The people should and shortly will take back into their own hands control of their money and their avenues of transportation—which never should have been let fall into private hands, since in private hands they have bred nothing but public debt and private arrogance.

**N**OW that Chicago wishes to borrow forty or fifty millions of dollars to pay for her street railways, she would better make up her mind to put an end to civil war in her public highways. If the team-owners declare no union teamster shall drive a wagon



## ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI



FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING, ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

**ST. JOSEPH**, Missouri, is beautifully situated on the east bank of the Missouri river, in the northwestern part of the state, and is the county seat of Buchanan county. It is the third city in population, in commerce, and in wealth. St. Joseph was incorporated as a town in 1845. A special charter was granted in 1851, and it was for a long time the outfitting post for all overland trains for the Pacific coast. It was from here that the once famous Pony Express line started on its long journey to California. St. Joseph is the healthiest city in the United States—the death rate being lower here than in any other city—(see government statistics.)

St. Joseph has grown from a town of 936 in 1846 until, in 1890, it had a population of 52,324, when, according to the United States census report for 1900, it had made the wonderful increase of 100 per cent., having a population of 102,979. The population is now estimated at over 110,000.

The natural advantages of St. Joseph as a commercial and manufacturing center are unsurpassed. It is in the heart of the most fertile section on earth—a section of great grain and live-stock producers, full of splendid towns and small cities, and her trade extends to every state and territory west of the Mississippi river.

St. Joseph's prominence and prosperity are founded upon a fortunate location, established institutions, accumulated wealth, merited prestige and successful achievements. The stability and prosperity of no city in the West is better assured than that of St. Joseph.

St. Joseph's business organization—the Commercial Club—composed of men in all walks of business life, is a very wideawake institution, ever on the lookout for the city's business interests, and occupies large and commodious quarters in the city, where all meetings of business men for the welfare of the city are held.

St. Joseph is happily blessed in the fact that the majority of her citizens are prosperous and own their own homes. In spite of the fact that hundreds of residence buildings are built every year, there are few vacant residences in the city. Real estate values are very reasonable, and especially is this true in the residence district, while in the business portion rents and values are also very reasonable, thus making that item of business expense very low.

St. Joseph has a very large jobbing and manufacturing business extending into all parts of the country, and amounting to the following figures:

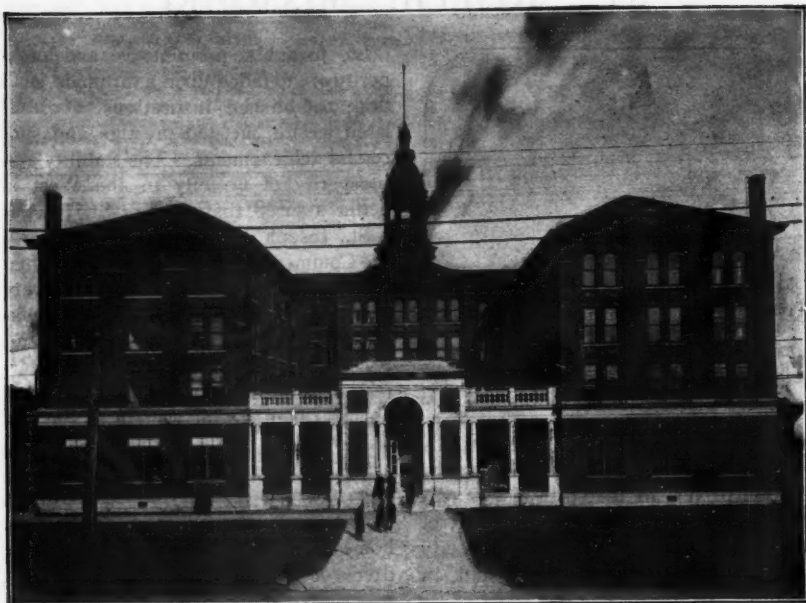
Jobbing business . . . . .	\$85,000,000 per year
Manufacturing . . . . .	25,000,000 " "
Packing house . . . . .	60,000,000 " "
Stockyards . . . . .	65,000,000 " "

Our clearing house shows as follows:

In 1890 . . . . .	\$ 67,241,333.39
" 1899 . . . . .	160,788,054.07
" 1900 . . . . .	210,234,702.36
" 1901 . . . . .	240,724,011.14
" 1902 . . . . .	235,740,117.10
" 1903 . . . . .	245,901,969.48
" 1904 . . . . .	238,063,436.23

Showing the enormous increase in seven years of nearly \$200,000,000 or about 300 per cent. The small decrease shown in 1904 as against 1903 was caused by the packing house strike in 1904, when for over two months there were no clear-

## ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI



THE STOCK YARDS EXCHANGE BUILDING, ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

ings from the packing houses. It is also true that the loss of clearings in St. Joseph were much less on this account than elsewhere, thus showing that, had there been no strike, St. Joseph's clearings would have shown a good increase for the year 1904.

St. Joseph has one of the greatest markets for shirts, overalls, pants and shirt-waists of any city in the world, and sets the pace and price for all other markets to go by.

St. Joseph also has the largest and best equipped saddlery and harness factory in the world. Also the largest woollen mill in the West. There are also a great many factories in all lines of business and all successful to a high degree.

St. Joseph has 152 miles of street, seventy of which are paved with asphaltum, brick, macadam or granite; has six miles of main sewers, which will be largely increased during the present year, and sixty miles of district sewers.

St. Joseph's bonded indebtedness is \$1,200,000. It has no floating debt. Assessed valuation, \$34,000,000, on which a tax levy of one dollar and forty-five cents is made. State, school and county taxes amount to one dollar and forty cents, making a total of all taxes two dollars and eighty-five cents on a valuation of fifty per cent.

St. Joseph has two fine public libraries and five parks. The school district comprises fifteen square miles of territory, owns thirty-three buildings, operates thirty-five schools and employs 300 teachers. Two well equipped business colleges are located here, besides a number of private educational institutions, as well as several parochial schools and two medical colleges.

St. Joseph houses sent out 1,500 traveling salesmen covering all the vast territory west of the Mississippi river and even penetrating into Old Mexico, Hawaiian islands, the British possessions and Alaska.

## ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

Every line of merchandise known is represented by these travelers, and all selling for St. Joseph's business houses; their prosperity goes without saying.

St. Joseph's transportation facilities could not be better, for as a matter of fact from this standpoint St. Joseph is greatly blessed, in that we are better located geographically than any city in the great Missouri valley for receiving and distributing freight and merchandise. St. Joseph is also fast becoming a large grain market, much of which is exported through the Atlantic and Gulf ports. St. Joseph has one of the largest flour mills in the Missouri valley.

St. Joseph has the most complete and up-to-date stockyards in the world, which, together with the three large packing houses, makes her the fourth in size and business in the live-stock and packing house products and the second largest in the slaughter of sheep. The packing houses cover an area of sixty-five acres and have a daily capacity of 8,000 cattle, 20,000 hogs, 5,500 sheep and 10,000 poultry. St. Joseph's horse- and mule market has steadily increased, until now it is recognized as one of the best in the country.

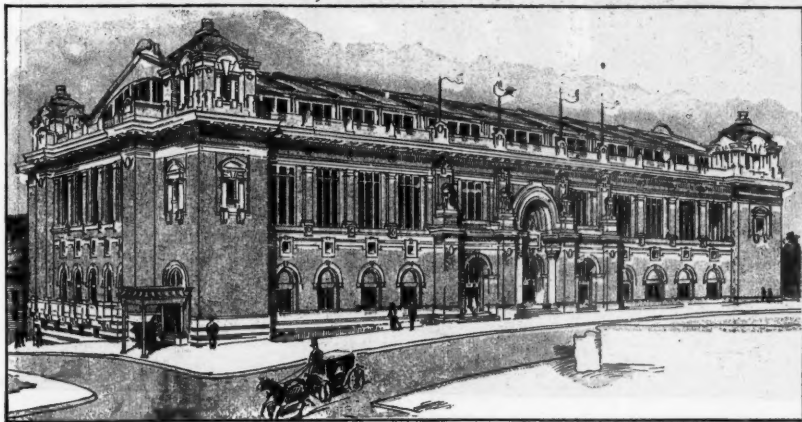
St. Joseph's growth has been steady,

honest and solid—nothing of a boom nature has ever entered into its advance. St. Joseph has never had a failure of a business that was conducted on true business principles—as a matter of fact, all our wealth has come from starting in a small way and increasing through wideawake business methods to its now present gigantic proportions.

St. Joseph's retail district has more than doubled during the last few years, until we now have a retail business that far exceeds what even the most sanguine had hoped for.

St. Joseph has twelve banks, three national and eight state, with a capital of \$1,384,000 and deposits of over \$20,000,000 with plenty of money to encourage all business that may wish to go to them.

The surrounding country for hundreds of miles is almost a Garden of Eden—rich in farms, large towns and small cities—and all look upon St. Joseph as their natural trading point in live-stock, grain and merchandise. Over 1,500,000 people passed through our Union Station in 1904, and over 10,000,000,000 pounds of freight came into and out of St. Joseph on our transportation lines.



THE ST. JOSEPH AUDITORIUM

## ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

St. Joseph has a fine system of water works, using Missouri river water, which the chemists pronounce the purest river water in the world.

St. Joseph's electrical street railway is very complete and service of the best, with convenient transfers to and from all parts of the city. Just outside of the city limits is one of the most beautiful Summer resorts in the valley—Lake Contrary—being connected with the city by an electric car line.

St. Joseph has let the contract and is now building an auditorium with

a seating capacity of 6,000 that will out-rival, in beauty and architectural design, any building of its kind in the West, and the parquet of which will afford ample room for horse shows and kindred exhibits.

The state hospital for insane is located just one mile east of the city.

Anyone desiring further information will confer a favor on the citizens of St. Joseph by writing to the secretary of the Commercial Club, who will be only too glad to give them the information asked for.

## "IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME"

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY W. G. MANDEVILLE



## ABROAD WITH THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE PARTY

By SARAH W. PARTRIDGE

MONTICELLO, FLORIDA

TO sea and to see! Would you not like to join us, the National Magazine party, chaperoned by Mrs. Joe Chapple, your fellow travelers to be Mrs. Frank P. Fogg of Boston, Miss Louise Manuel of Cleveland Ohio, Miss Sarah W. Partridge of Monticello, Florida, Mr. J. E. Colenso of Madison, Wisconsin, Mr. Nathan Decker of Chicago, our destination Europe? Then come on board the Royal Mail steamship, Carpathia, of the Cunard Line, to sail not later than noon of September 4, 1904. The screw revolves; the great ship moves; with straining eyes we gaze at the watchers on the dock, while silently we breathe, perhaps, Tennyson's beautiful prayer,

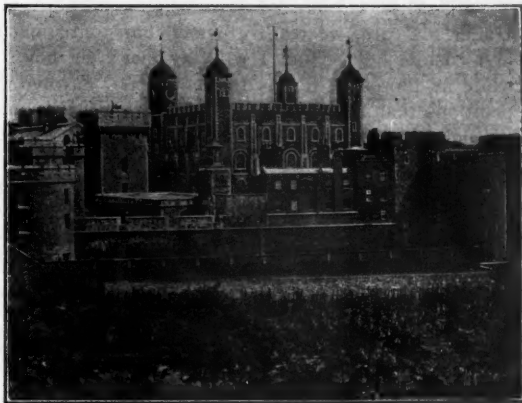
"And may there be no moaning at the bar when I put out to sea—"

and we hope that none may fall before that terror of the deep—*mal de mer*. Had we but the gift of prophecy we should have known that not one would succumb to Mark Twain's "Oh Mys!"

And how the placid days slipped by, full of sunshine and gladness, rich with the making of pleasant acquaintances, daily conning of the ship's log, expectant listening for news that flashed from time to time over that marvel of the hour, the Marconigraph. We enjoyed the numberless courtesies extended us on board the Carpathia, the watching for passing vessels, the accustomed Sunday service and the usual concert, provided by the talent of the passengers. If we had special "red-letter days," they were September 8 and 14. On the eighth we

all celebrated the birthday of a member of our party and on the fourteenth we "sighted land"—the bold cliffs of Erin, defying the waves that ceaselessly surge against them. Passing not near enough to speak, we listened in fancy to the songs of their gifted Moore or the impassioned eloquence of the patriot Emmet, while we thought of the blood that flowed and the hearts that broke for the woes of unhappy Ireland.

On the morning of the fifteenth we



"THE TOWER OF LONDON, WITH ITS GHASTLY MEMORIES"

looked upon a sea of shadowy green, not blue, nor chafing under the lash of the winds, but lying calm and unruffled. Shortly after noon we saw the "mosquito fleet" and knew that we were nearing Liverpool. A few moments more and we were

"Standing where our fathers stood  
In those brave days of long ago."

We were met at the dock by Mr. Mantelli, representing Thomas Cook & Sons, who proved himself an able conductor during the coming days, and skillfully piloted our party through foreign lands.



## ABROAD WITH THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE PARTY



NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL. "WAS REOPENED AS A PLACE OF WORSHIP BY NAPOLEON IN 1805."

the British Museum, and were especially interested in the old manuscripts among which we saw one from Washington, outlining the foreign policy that our country has hitherto pursued.

Have you ever sat in one of Cook's comfortable conveyances, drawn by well groomed horses driven by an immaculate coachman, directed by the best of guides, yourself a member of a most congenial party of six? Have you seen London under these happy

Under his care, we readily passed our first custom house, and I will say that while as thorough, it was far more expeditious than that of any other country through which we went, our own not excepted.

Next day we were whirled across the garden-like country, past the homiest of homes, in a train that to our American eyes looked small, yet "kept the pace" nevertheless. Almost all England is as a well-kept garden, the vast estates being divided into fields and pastures by neat hedges, that, from an artistic standpoint, are an improvement on our unsightly fences. Then it must be economy to plant a fence and have it always growing, though I conclude that the stock must be more peaceably disposed than ours, since they remained quietly within bounds behind these apparently slight barriers.

London! Will anyone ever forget the sensations first experienced on entering the great city? The names of London's great ones come involuntarily to the mind—the kings and queens, soldiers, statesmen, preachers and martyrs; and there comes a thrill as you, too, become a part of the great city. The afternoon following our arrival we studied the relics of every age and civilization in

circumstances? If you have not, life yet holds for you an untasted pleasure. Favored with pleasant, sunny weather, on the seventeenth we saw Trafalgar Square, and tried to grasp all that its surroundings mean; then we turned toward Westminster Bridge, passed Scotland Yard, the Admiralty building, the Horse Guards, where the picturesque Life Guards cannot fail to catch the eye, and saw all that remains of the once famous York House, afterward Whitehall Palace. What tragic memories cling about that place!

Crossing the bridge, we had a fine view of Somerset House and Westminster Palace, or the Houses of Parliament. Turning to the right, we passed St. Thomas Hospital and Lambeth Palace, and Vauxhall Bridge, then recrossed the Thames and visited the Tate Gallery, from whence we carried memories of color that will never leave us. After this we visited Westminster Palace, where there is much of deep interest to hold the attention of the visitor. We also had "a London drive," during which we saw all the spots of special interest, such as Hyde Park, Rotten Row, Fleet street, and a hundred other notable places.

Sunday morning found us among the

## ABROAD WITH THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE PARTY

worshippers at St. Paul's, to which we were guided by the deep, rich toned pealing of its bells. As we approached we could not but regret that this magnificent structure is hidden from view by so many buildings; but on entering we were at once impressed with the vastness and richness of the interior, while the service of the hour deepened the lasting impression that we carried away with us of the greatest protestant church of Europe.

The Tower of London, with its ghastly memories, Hertford House, said to be the original of Gaunt House in "Vanity Fair," Hampton Court, with all its luxury—we saw them all to our heart's content. Then three hours from Newhaven to Dieppe—the English Channel—but there is an end of all things, and these long three hours passed, and by hurrying we caught a train for Paris. We soon entered the valley of the Seine, a river our train crossed twenty-two times, a lovely district, with here and there a charming hamlet. We were impressed with the difference in the style of architecture as we passed from country to country. The French homes are light, airy, fanciful, in striking contrast to the solid-looking English architecture. We were particularly charmed with the glimpses of the avenues of Lombardy poplar, that seem to have no end. We passed through Rouen, made memorable by that atrocious deed of the English, the burning of Joan of Arc. From Rouen the river Seine appeared and reappeared, lending beauty to the passing scene and going with us into Paris. We drove to the Hotel Dijon, where we were surprised and delighted by the cordial welcome that awaited us. Being close

to the Grand Opera House, we spent an evening there, hoping to hear Calvé sing. We were disappointed in this, but enjoyed the opera "Lohengrin."

Next morning our guide appeared, and we set out to see Paris, that city in which so much attention has been given to appearance. It is built of uniform gray stone, but the vivid variety of its teeming life prevents this grayness from becoming monotonous. Each quarter has a distinct character of its own, whether the luxurious beauty of the fashionable part, the deserted palaces of a quieter quarter, or the active buzz of the mart. The Seine adds picturesqueness to all, with its flotilla of merchant ships, while the numerous cafes, with their little tables generously distributed outside, add a distinctly Parisian air to the scene. The boulevards, either by day or night, are suggestive of a city of pleasure always en fete.

That we might gain a general idea of the city, we drove through its boulevards, and over various other routes, pausing at those great centers from which the boulevards, rues and avenues radiate; and no words can express the beauty of those drives. We were especially interested in the Palais de Justice, the Con-



COLOGNE CATHEDRAL. "A DREAM IMMORTALIZED IN STONE"

## ABROAD WITH THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE PARTY

ciergerie and Sainte Chapelle, a gem of Gothic art.

The churches of Paris are most impressive, though the visitor is uncertain, when he sets out to see them, whether he shall find a church, a hall of fame or a temple of reason, for, chameleon-like, these structures change character. The Pantheon, erected on the site of the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint

also been at some time temples of reason, but the latter was reopened as a place of worship by Napoleon in 1805, and was the scene of his coronation. Every corner of Paris speaks of Napoleon and his exploits, either of war or peace, from the Arc de Triomphe to the Vendome Column, and his famous name is whispered even in the Louvre.

We walked through the Garden of the

Tuileries and the Place de la Concorde and saw the Pont de la Concorde, that bridges the Seine from the Place de la Concorde to the Chambres de Deputies, a bridge built of material brought from the ruins of the noted Bastille. It was interesting to recall the fact that the key of this prison is in our own country, at Mount Vernon, having been sent to Washington by Lafayette. Another place of interest was the Gobelin tapestry works, which were shown to us.

We felt that no visit to Paris would be complete without a look at the Hotel des Invalides, not so much because it is the home of old soldiers, nor on account of its fine collection of old armor and battle flags, but because here is the tomb

of Napoleon. Beneath the dome of the chapel is a crypt, and here lies the great warrior, where

"No sound can wake him to glory again," in a sarcophagus hewn from a single block of porphyry.

For our drive to Versailles, the Trianon and the Petite Trianon, we had a day as beautiful as the scenery through which we passed; and our pleasure was perfected by a comfortable conveyance, a picturesque French coachman and an able guide, all provided by Thomas



THE CASTLE OF DRACHENFELS. "WE LOOKED UPON THE CASTLED CRAG OF DRACHENFELS"

of Paris, has been three times consecrated as a church and as often converted into a temple of reason or a hall of fame, the last change being made in 1885 to adapt it to the obsequies of Victor Hugo. This church is an imposing edifice, built in the form of a Greek cross, and bears marks of troublous times in the signs of shot and shell on its exterior.

The church of the Madeleine, the most beautiful of modern churches, and the famous cathedral of Notre Dame have

## ABROAD WITH THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE PARTY

Cook & Son. That day will live long in our minds as a pleasant memory.

On leaving Paris, we made our way to Mayence, passing en route many points of interest where we seemed to hear again the reverberation of the cannon of the many wars that once devastated this tract of country.

When we reached the German frontier we seemed to have come into the enchanted fairy land of our childhood, and every moment we expected to see the enchanted castle where dwelt the princess awaiting the coming of her deliverer. These visions faded before the comforting reality of a sumptuous dinner at the Central Hotel in Mayence, where, later, we were tucked into, or shall I say under, the beds, for our coverlets had the appearance of huge pillows.

Next morning we looked upon

"The castle crowned Rhine,  
Where the kiss of the sun  
turns the grape into wine."

and there is no more beautiful river on earth, with its bold cliffs, old castles and picturesque ruins. We saw the Mouse Tower of the cruel bishop of Mayence; we passed the rock of the Lorelei and talked of her destructive charms; we looked upon the castled crag of Drachenfels, and opposite Coblenz we were deeply impressed with the "Gibraltar of Northern Europe," the magnificently fortified castle of Ehrenbreitstein. At its base lies a bridge of boats.

Next evening we were comfortably located at the new Hotel Minerva, in Cologne, where the genial host looked well after our comfort. We had come

here in order to visit the great cathedral, considered the grandest Gothic church in the world. It looks like a dream immortalized in stone. Here, too, we visited the church of Ursula, reputed to hold the bones of 11,000 virgins, martyred by the Huns.



ANTWERP CATHEDRAL. "WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF HEARING THE NINETY-NINE BELLS, MOST SWEET AND HARMONIOUS."

We spent a few days in Brussels, visiting all the places of note, among them the field of Waterloo, fraught with sad memories that cannot be forgotten; though this is now a tract of cultivated fields, and the peasant leads his flock along the roads that once resounded with the hoof-beats of charging cavalry. A pyramid has been built of the blood-stained soil, and on the summit rests the Lion of Waterloo an immense bronze cast.

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We passed on to Antwerp, pleasant, clean, well-kept, with fine buildings and beautiful boulevards and an abiding air of prosperity and content. We were well entertained at the Central Hotel, and enjoyed seeing the Art Museum, which contains about 1,000 pictures by celebrated painters, but the masterpiece of Rubens, "Descent from the Cross," may be found in the cathedral. We had the pleasure of hearing the justly famed chimes of this church, the ninety-nine bells, most sweet and harmonious.

Necessity forced us to change our plans; and instead of sailing from Antwerp, we embarked from Rotterdam, thus gaining a glimpse of Holland—that land of windmills, quaint people and manners, though even here the custom house is in evidence. Leaving the quaint little shops and the quaint dresses of the women of Rotterdam, we crossed in a trice to New York, and the time for breaking up of our party was at hand; in a little while we shall be asking whether this trip was a delightful dream or a reality. But no! the kind new friends and the hundreds of pleasant memories are facts that no dream could yield. So with a vote of thanks to the National Magazine that gave us the trip, and to Thomas Cook & Son, who made it the brilliant success that it was, we give the final handgrasp and go to our several homes, a very happy and contented band of six travelers.

WHEN once it was decided that the National Magazine party should take a European trip, it was unanimously declared that nobody could take care of their comfort so well so Thomas Cook & Son, and the tribute which the party, individually and collectively, have paid this firm is worth more than a passing notice, for it clearly confirms the opinion of the traveling public in general. One member of the party especially was so enthusiastic that she set down her im-

pressions in writing, which makes interesting reading matter not only for her fellow travelers, but for everyone interested in foreign lands.

To go to Egypt, Palestine or the Orient, to say nothing of Europe, is quite an easy matter if you call in the aid of Thomas Cook & Son, of Broadway, New York, or apply to the Boston office. For many years past the conducting of parties on foreign tours has been the special business of this firm, and it is since they took up this work in earnest that the tide of travel has risen to its fullest height. Do you desire to go to Switzerland, Greece, Italy, to explore Pompeii or take that incomparable trip up the Nile, place yourself under the able guidance of Thomas Cook & Son, and these distant places will be as easy of access as a stage ride from Boston to Providence a century ago.

The idea is fast gaining ground that travel is an essential part of education, and though a young man or woman may have the lore of ages stored in the brain, he or she is not regarded as "educated" until travel has broadened the mind and shown something of the reality of life in other lands. As Shakespeare says:

"Home keeping youths have ever homely wits."

I recall an editor, in a certain country town who determined to go to Europe and see those places in which he had taken so keen an interest when reading of them. His initial trip was taken under the guidance of Thomas Cook & Son, and made with such comfort and speed that he was encouraged to take many other trips, for that visit abroad brought widened views of life and inspired ambitions unthought of before. Nor is this a single instance. It is amazing to find in all the cities of America, as well as in many a farm house, pictures on the wall, or souvenirs of various kinds displayed about the rooms, all reminders of places on other continents which have been visited by some



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member of the family, and if you follow the matter up closely, you will find that these people have invariably carried Cook's coupons. I have known many distinguished senators, congressmen and people of great wealth who have availed themselves of this economical, as well as comfortable method of traveling.

I recall the feeling of reverence with which I looked upon the home of the elder Cook in Walton-on-Thames, near the residence of my grandfather. It is certain that these good people never realized the important part that Thomas Cook & Son would play in the welfare of America in stimulating the desire for travel, which today makes holiday and recreation trips a necessity of the everyday life of the nation. Where is there a manager of any large enterprise in America who has not enjoyed his trip abroad? A fact that can at once be detected in talking with him about foreign lands, for he will pronounce the names of the various noted places as they are pronounced by the natives, and not as we were taught by geographies.

But it is not only Americans who are indebted to this firm. How could we conceive of Byron, Shelley, Thackeray, Dickens, Ruskin and many others without the broadening influence that they

gathered from other lands than their own? What would their work be without the aspirations and experience that a knowledge of foreign countries brought to them? We can tell from their work just the time when Longfellow made his tour to Europe, or when Lowell, Lothrop, Washington Irving and Howells went abroad.

The exhibit of Thomas Cook & Son at the World's Fair shows something of the wonders of the countries which they have helped to unfold, and it is interesting to know that one has looked upon the identical tent used by Emperor William and the members of his party when in Palestine. It is probable that seeing the remarkable country along the Nile, as shown in Thomas Cook & Son's exhibit, has stimulated a keen interest in the minds of many young people who visited the World's Fair this Summer, and that a new generation of tourists has arisen, fired with the spirit of investigation which has already done so much for America. We have come to regard this firm as almost wizards, capable of translating us even to the Mount of Parnassus, or helping us to soar to the empyrean heights themselves, without any unusual effort on our part, and at the expense of very little personal inconvenience. Drop them a line.—ED. NOTE.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY



"THE PRIMEVAL RETREAT WHERE HEALTH AND SUMMER PLEASURE MAY BE FOUND"

## ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL

**P**ERHAPS there is no railroad in the United States that is so appropriately named as the Chicago & Northwestern. The Northwest segment of the circle, with Chicago at the center, covers the most varied and rapidly developed portion of the country. There is something magical about that word, "Northwest." It always appeals to the traveler—in fact, the old saying, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," might be more accurate if it indicated the "Northwest" as the triumphal path. That is, if the compass showing the trend of travel may be regarded as a criterion.

The facts regarding the popular reliability of this road are not impressed only upon its own constituency—so to speak—but also in the East and South, even in sections remote from the Chicago terminal, the Chicago & Northwestern is known to be preeminent in regard to

safety and punctuality, while an allusion to the "Overland Limited" is equivalent to a reference to a transcontinental trip.

I have often stood in the station in Chicago, in the evening at about eight o'clock, and looked at the Overland Limited ready to start out upon its journey. There is a coziness about the rear observation car, beneath the glow of the red signal light, that offers a sharp contrast as one recalls the canvas-covered prairie schooner leaving Fort Dearborn at early sunrise in the years that have passed away. It seems almost impossible to believe that in a few hours on this train a passenger covers a distance that required weeks and months to traverse in those early days! One of the most interesting facts about this route is that it follows practically the exact trail of overland traffic in pioneer times. In fact, it is said that with but little variation the famous Lewis and Clark

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expedition dragged its weary way for months over the same ground which is now passed by the swift-flying "Overland Limited." Doubtless the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland will be the objective point for many a well-planned pleasure tour this year. The trip itself, aside from the Exposition, affords a liberal education in national history, while the opportunities for side trips provided by this line make it possible for the tourist to cover, in a few brief weeks, the marvelous Northwest of America and come within actual

Northwestern — Northwestwards — these two words in themselves suggest always the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, and what an itinerary that line includes! Does the traveler desire the unrivalled resorts of Colorado, the fascinating fields of the wide West, the glorious peaks of the Rockies, the wonders of the Yellowstone, or the sylvan lakes of Superior—all are comprehended in the time-table of this road.

And now, having satisfied himself as to the important features of the safety and complete equipment of the road,



"THE HAPPIEST PERIOD IN THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE"

"speaking distance" of the greatest natural wonders of the world. And yet all the terrestrial grandeur unfolded to view is in keeping with the development of the country and the unrivalled achievements of the pioneer—that sturdy ancestor of ours who will soon be nothing but a memory, for now that the days of pioneering are over, it will be difficult to preserve the distinctive spirit of adventure and achievement that is always associated with the opening up of a new country.

the traveler's next consideration is the points that can be covered en route, provided that he is setting out with the desire to see as much as possible. Leaving Chicago on any one of the many through trains, the rich, rolling prairies of Illinois and its thriving towns attract attention. Dashing across the bridge at Clinton, the course of the train west of the Mississippi and across the fertile farms of Iowa furnishes in a few hours a panorama of this great agricultural empire such as nothing else could

## ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL

reveal. Across the Missouri, a few more hours on the plains of the Platte brings the tourist to Denver, and he is at the foothills of the Rockies. There is a side trip to Pike's Peak, the Garden of the Gods and Cheyenne mountain. One may follow the Georgetown loop—get a glimpse of Leadville—but there is no limit to the sights accessible in Colorado. Farther west, following the old trail, the traveler may go on direct to Salt Lake and California, or he may go straight to the Northwest over

leading out of Chicago, which has been called a veritable jugular vein of travel. The mass of pleasure journeying has been steadily accumulated by this line, and its associations with the happiest periods of the lives of the people give it an additional interest for the student of human nature.

The Chicago & Northwestern system is so thoroughly organized that there is not a division on the nine thousand miles of railroad covered by this line that does not possess a playground of



"ALL THE TERRESTRIAL GRANDEUR UNFOLDED"

the Lewis and Clark trail through the majestic mountains and smiling valleys to "where rolls the Oregon." And thus the circle of the Northwest is completed, enabling the tourist to look upon the unrivalled grandeur of the Yellowstone.

If the prospective traveler will take a map of the United States, or a Northwestern railroad folder, and carefully follow the black lines covering the quadrangle of the Northwest, he will find that all the desirable playgrounds can be reached on the double track railroad

some sort for the people, situated within a convenient distance. It has been a part of the policy of this road to enable every inhabitant of their territory to visit a pleasure resort, and they have so arranged that these trips can be taken with but very little expenditure of time and money.

What the Maine and Vermont woods are to New England, the Wisconsin lakes are to the Middle West and South—the primeval retreat where health and Summer pleasures may be found in per-

## ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL

fection. Within one night's ride of Chicago—a brief side trip at the longest—the traveler is enabled to reach the shores of Lake Superior or any one of the myriads of small lakes and trout streams of northern Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. A few hours from the heat of the city finds the rest or pleasure seeker in the midst of all the delights of Nature equipped to recreate, in the full meaning of the word.

Special or the Overland Limited, or any one of the half-dozen fast trains that leave Chicago within the space of a few hours. The old clock tower in the Wells Street station has held up a guiding hand for millions of travelers; more trains enter and leave this terminal than any other in the city.

The time has come when the railways furnish an important portion of the literature of our age. The passenger depart-



"A FEW HOURS FROM THE HEAT OF THE CITY"

Some idea of the extent of the Northwestern system may be gained from the fact that over 2,000 stations are included in its time-tables. Over 2,000 communities seek their playgrounds over this line! What an army of people this represents—a home constituency in itself, so to speak. This does not account for the thousands that come from the far East and the South, reaching their destination on the fast-flying Colorado

ment of this road has just issued a handsome booklet descriptive of their Summer playgrounds and the Lewis and Clark Exposition. In these pages will be found comprehensive details well worthy of consideration for vacation days. Whatever the mood, whatever the need, it can be met by consulting the lexicon of Travel-Pleasure to be obtained in the literature of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad.



## MR. A. F. SHELDON—A MASTER OF SALESMANSHIP

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



MR. A. F. SHELDON

**A**T a banquet in Chicago I sat next to a gentleman whose name I did not quite catch on being introduced, but in about three minutes I felt that I did not care what his name was, his occupation or anything else of that kind. It was he himself that interested me. Friendships are sometimes formed in the subtlest way, and this strong, tall, genial young man had a singular attraction for me as I looked into his kindly blue eyes, and when he looked me square in the face and made a positive statement I fully believed him. We soon found a common interest in the discussion concerning the proposition that individual force of character can be cultivated and developed just as successfully as the biceps or the capacity of the lungs. This has been a pet theory of mine for years, and it was with willing ears that I listened to his clear-cut, concise, lucid statement of how he has proved the theory to be correct. When I afterward learned that this was Mr. A. F. Sheldon, the originator of the Sheldon School of Scientific Salesmanship, I was amazed that he had not sold me something during our conversation, for he could have disposed of any col-

laterals or chattels on earth at that time. I will confess that I should have been entirely at his mercy. I believe he could have persuaded me to buy almost anything.

Later on it was my privilege to visit his "School of Salesmanship" in Chicago. Here is concretely and specifically taught one of the most fascinating branches of knowledge with which we have to deal today. The teaching promulgated by Mr. Sheldon embraces the utmost limits of American success. The dignity of trade and salesmanship was never so preeminently recognized by any nation before. I distinctly recall a time when I was compelled to enter the home of Sir Arthur Sullivan through the "tradesmen's" gate, or not at all. I may say, however, that I left by the front gate; but I do not recall that my American dignity was hurt by the "tradesmen's" gate, or that I felt elated when I went out at the front entrance. The main point is to get what you go after, and get it with your head up. I have heretofore related how, in order to get what I desired that day, I shaved Sir Arthur, and I regard my success as a tribute to American salesmanship, rather than to any ingenuity of my own.

The highest type salesman of today is a benefactor, for he will see to it that he gives exactly the value he represents, though he will not hesitate to introduce on all occasions, and introduce vigorously, the newest and best goods. A salesman certainly spreads knowledge by bringing people into contact with new inventions and innovations of all kinds, that otherwise they never would know of or comprehend. The fact that Mr. Sheldon's method has won the attention of many large business institutions—as well as the support of thousands of individuals—